

The American Girl

OCTOBER

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

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1941

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GIRL SCOUT WEEK NUMBER

Presenting

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and a Word of Appreciation to the 173,045 Young Drivers
who enrolled for Safer Driving in 1941

I would like to thank every one of the boys and girls who took part in the activities of the Ford Good Drivers League this year.

Whether or not you are among the 98 who won championships and were awarded University Scholarships—you are to be congratulated. Your interest in the cause of good driving cannot help but earn the respect of your community. You are better citizens because you are safer drivers. I hope that you will continue to set examples in courtesy and skill for the other young drivers of the country.

Edsel Ford

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\$500 Scholarship
Dwight E. Howell, Jr.....Tacoma, Wash.
\$500 Scholarship

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Boys' Division
EACH WON \$100.00
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AMERICA'S CHAMPION GIRL DRIVER



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Chicago, Illinois

Winner of a \$5,000 Scholarship and Trophy

★

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Patsy Cameron.....Mt. Vernon, Wash.
\$2,000 Scholarship and Trophy

★

THIRD PRIZE WINNERS

Elaine Folger.....Keokuk, Iowa
\$500 Scholarship
Mary Frances Hickox.....Topeka, Kansas
\$500 Scholarship
Margaret Monteith.....McLean, Virginia
\$500 Scholarship

★

THE FOLLOWING RUNNERS-UP

Girls' Division

EACH WON \$100.00 SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by *money orders* for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York City; Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Dorn & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.; Robert W. Walker, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. Address all correspondence to THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE, 155 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1941, Girl Scouts, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting, or adaptation for radio or other use, not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1936, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

VOLUME XXIV

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER X

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JEAN BELLOW *painted by* EUGENE SPEICHER

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

OCTOBER • 1941

FRIENDSHIP AND THE GIRL SCOUT LAWS



A Girl Scout is loyal . . .

not only to her country, her family, and her friends, but to Scouts and Guides everywhere. She and her sisters have proved the latter by giving their pennies to the Juliette Low fund to aid Guides and Scouts in war-torn countries



Do you want to be popular? Would you like to have more friends?

Perhaps you are already the kind of girl who has a grand time at parties, who is never haunted by the fear of being a wallflower. Perhaps you are invited everywhere by boys and other girls, and elected to important offices in your school, your club, and your Girl Scout troop. If you are such a girl, then you have probably been following, consciously or unconsciously, the suggestions which will be made in this article. On the other hand, if you are like the great majority of us, you are very likely eager for ideas that will help you to make new friends and keep your old ones.

How would you like to discover ten proven rules for popularity? The ten rules I am thinking of can perform no magic

"The only way to have a friend is to be one," wrote Emerson. The Girl Scout Laws will help a girl become the kind of friend anybody would like to have

By HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

for you unless you are ready to discipline yourself to-day, to-morrow, and every day; but if you are willing to follow them consistently and sincerely you will find them a great help in winning and keeping friends.

Where are you to find ten such tested rules? Well, you won't have to find them, because you already know them by heart—or you should know them, if you are a Girl Scout! They are the ten Girl Scout Laws.

Perhaps it never occurred to you that the Girl Scout Laws have anything to do with friendship. Let's take a look at each law in turn, to see how following it can help to make a girl more popular.

First comes: *A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted.* This means honor not only in big things, but in the important little things in life. Every girl knows she shouldn't cheat in her exams, tell lies, or steal. But this law also means that she should be reliable. You know how it is in your own case. If you tell Mother blithely that you will put the roast in the oven as soon as school is out, and then straggle into the house at dinner time, saying lamely, "Oh, I'm so sorry, I forgot!" you have done more than failed your family with the dinner—you have lessened your mother's trust in your word. And trust is a basic quality of friendship.

In a burst of energy, have you ever volunteered for some job for your class, or school—and then, later, wriggled out of the responsibility because you were lazy? That sort of behavior won't make people seek you out as a reliable friend.

When you promise a girl that you will meet her at four o'clock, do you come puffing up, overflowing with excuses, at four-fifteen or four-thirty? Do you habitually arrive at parties, school games, meetings, classes—in fact, about everywhere you go—just a little bit late? If you do, your friends will grow tired of listening to your excuses, however justified your lateness may be at times. They will just lift their eyebrows in exasperation and decide among themselves that there's no use asking you anywhere. Apparently it doesn't matter to you whether you are invited or not.



These two photographs by Paul Parker

This first Girl Scout Law also means consideration for the property of others. Of course you wouldn't steal, but do you ever borrow without the owner's permission? How about that time you took your brother's new blue sweater to the football game because it looked so well with your plaid skirt, and didn't bother to ask him first? Maybe he was polite and didn't say anything when you returned the sweater with a couple of snags, but your "borrowing" didn't make a better friend of him. And brothers are pretty good friends to have.

Also, let's not forget the importance of honor when it comes to passing along confidences. Do you ever say, "Promise not to tell, because Betty told me this in confidence, but guess what? She's going to—" and then rattle off the whole confidence? If you do this kind of thing, how can you expect Betty, or anyone else, to trust you with secrets? Or even with close friendship?

Now let's take a look at the second law: *A Girl Scout is loyal*. We are all agreed that as good citizens we must be deeply loyal to our country, but we must not forget that loyalty, like charity, begins at home. First of all, we should be loyal to our own families. People have little respect for those persons who run down their own people. Just remember that every family, being composed of very human individuals, has faults of one kind or another. The loyal girl who is never ashamed of her home and family, however humble, is the kind of girl others want for a friend.

We should be loyal, also, to the friends we already have. Just because a group of girls is talking slightly about an absent girl, there is no excuse for you to jump into the fray and join in the gossip. If the absent girl is your friend, that is the time to point out the best characteristics you have noticed in her, the time to show the others her good qualities. Anyone can add a word of praise when everyone else is praising, too, but it takes spunk to stick up for a girl who is being criticized. If you make a habit of seeing the best in people, other girls and boys will soon learn to say of you, "She would be a good friend to have. You could count on her to stick up for you, and not talk about you behind your back."

Above all, we must remain loyal to ourselves and our ideals. A girl who consistently says and does what she sincerely believes is right, no matter what the "crowd" believes or does, usually commands the respect of that crowd. But the wishy-washy girl who echoes everything that is said and done, even though her words and actions contradict themselves from day to day, cannot be trusted, respected, or loved.

One of the most disloyal things a girl can do is to forget her ideals merely to attract the favor of a certain set of young people. Decide what you honestly think is right, and don't make exceptions just because you think it might make you more popular in the group you have chosen. If your set doesn't like you for what you are, you are probably bidding

A Girl Scout is a friend to animals
She returns the affection of her pets with tender care and is never guilty of neglect when an animal depends on her for food and shelter. She tries to protect all animals from human cruelty and neglect

A Girl Scout is cheerful . . .

Her smile radiates from a happy spirit which does not grumble at tiresome tasks—for "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance" and the wearer of a cheerful countenance is welcome wherever she goes



A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout . . .
Her good will extends to all, regardless of nationality, color, or creed. These Brownie Scouts are living the law of friendship as they work together on gifts to help little girls who enter the Juvenile Hall in Los Angeles, California, make a happy adjustment in their new quarters



Paul Parker



Pictorial Associates, Inc.

A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted
A Girl Scout does not promise her mother to bake a cake for supper and then come home at six o'clock with the excuse, "I forgot." She can be depended on; she does not betray confidences; she tells the truth and plays fair

A Girl Scout is courteous . . .

She knows the outward forms of courtesy, but she realizes that the basis of courtesy is kindness and thoughtfulness of other people's feelings; she is considerate and tactful

for an entrance into the wrong crowd. Look around a bit more, and you will most likely find other young people who share and respect your ideals.

Being loyal to yourself also means being loyal to your own personality. It is fine to admire a popular classmate, or one of the teen-age movie stars, and to adapt some, or all, of their good points for your own use—but don't imitate them. Girls who are just carbon copies of someone else are seldom popular. If your friends like Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin, they'll go to the theater to see them, but don't expect them to be anything but bored by a poor imitation of either of them, on your part.

If you are afraid your personality is not striking enough to "put you over" with your friends, try to build it up, strengthen it, play up your good points and get rid of your bad ones. Remember that what you are—your inner character—is the most potent influence of all in shaping your outer personality. Cultivate a fine character and you will soon find that you are developing the kind of personality that brings new friends.

The third Girl Scout Law, *A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others*, is one of the most important. This means being useful in little ways, as well as being coöperative in big projects, or in emergencies.

Do you ever sit and daydream about doing some great thing for the world when you are grown up and embarked on a conspicuous career? Or are you the kind of a girl who makes herself useful to those around her now? Are you quick to volunteer your services when there is a lot of fun, excitement, or some kind of glory attached to the work? Are you just as quick to help with simple everyday tasks that will help to lighten someone's burden?

Just for example, there are innumerable little things that might be done around the house to help Mother. Perhaps you already take care of your room, dust on Saturdays, set the table, and help with dishes. You may do less than that—or more. But for a little while, try to do at least one extra task a day, something you were not expected or asked to do. You might wash all the dishes, dust the house before school, get the breakfast, or spend a half hour every evening on the family mending basket. Then you might try to do one extra thing a week, if Mother approves, such as planning and cooking Sunday dinner, taking over Saturday's house cleaning, or helping with the canning or baking. (Continued on page 46)

A Girl Scout obeys orders . . .

She knows the rules that govern her camp, her school, her community—and she coöperates in obeying them, realizing they mean safety and happiness for herself and others. The Girl Scout cyclist knows traffic and safety regulations and has her dad help her check her equipment to avoid accidents

Paul Parker



A Girl Scout is thrifty . . .

She not only understands the value of money, but she is thrifty with time and energy and she does not waste materials. She uses them all wisely so that she may still have them when she needs them, and have some to spare for others

A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed . . .

She directs her thoughts and activities to worth-while things with eyes alert for beauty everywhere, and fingers skilled to record her own translation of it on the pages of her sketchbook, in clay, or through some other form of art



Philadelphia Inquirer

A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others . . .

She does her share of work and assumes her share of duties wherever she is, and she welcomes ways of being of service to others. To aid in national defense she helps distribute magazines to marines and sailors, and serves in many ways



BOBO KEEPS HER MOUTH SHUT

Illustrated by
MERLE REED

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

It was a hard assignment for Bobo—to keep her mouth shut—but in her own inimitable fashion she found a method for delivering her message on Girl Scouting

OCTOBER had spread its gorgeous banner of scarlet and gold above the misty hillsides, a banner that led its followers out into the open whenever that was possible. School, of course, had begun—outrageously early as is the habit of schools—but Red Rose Troop had not yet settled down to its winter plans. To-day, indeed, because of an unwelcome rain, the troop was having its first indoor meeting of the season, so its members, undistracted by the pleasures of the open, were trying to formulate some ideas.

"Here it's going to be Girl Scout Week in no time," announced Jane Burke, "and not a soul has a thought in the world of what we're to do about it."

"Isn't that our usual condition?" grinned Red, who was practicing some contortions which the gym teacher called "body mechanics."

"I wouldn't say so," Helen mused. "I think we've pulled off some fairly good stunts in our day."

"Stop those ungainly setting-up exercises, Red," Jane commanded firmly, "and concentrate. We must *all* concentrate."

"If we can manage to keep Bobo Witherspoon out of whatever we do," Betty suggested, "we might not be quite such a laughingstock to the community."

"Well, you can't deny that Bobo has got some super results," Red remarked, sitting down at last. "If it hadn't been for Bobo—"

"Oh, we've all heard that till we can recite it by heart," said Jane. "If it hadn't been for Bobo we mightn't have the day camp, or the support of the Community Chest, or Mr. Bristle's backing, or—"

"Psst! Here she comes," whispered Vera.

"One might almost guess," sighed Jane.

For the approach of Red Rose Troop's youngest and most unaccountable member was heralded, as usual, by the clank of equipment and the sound of her ever upraised voice, already running on excitedly.

"Sorry to be late," Bobo babbled, "but so's Miss Roberts. She's right behind me, though. She was delayed. She's all beaming over something. I could see it halfway down the block. But she wouldn't tell me, though I ran all the way from Warren Street through the puddles to catch up with her, and I—"

"You'd better catch up with your breath, if that's the case," advised Jane, in the maternal tone she always used toward Bobo. "Miss Roberts will probably tell us as soon as she gets here, whatever it is."

The popular leader of Red Rose Troop was already on the threshold, and the girls scrambled to their feet to hail her.

"Horrid weather," she commented, hanging up her wet raincoat. "Too bad, after all our blue and gold days. Well, a roof has its uses, at that." She looked at the row of expectant faces turned silently toward her. "What's the matter with you all?" she demanded. "Is my nose on crooked or something?"

"We thought perhaps you had some news," Jane suggested, with a questioning look in Bobo's direction. Miss Roberts followed her glance and suppressed a smile.



THE COMMISSIONER, ABOUT TO INVITE THE LADIES INTO THE DINING ROOM, HEARD A SLIGHT COMMOTION BEHIND HER

"Bobo must be a mind reader, in addition to all her other talents," she said. "Well, as a matter of fact, I *have* a piece of news. Listen, my children—we've been picked out for a signal honor."

"Does that mean we're to do signaling?" Bobo asked, with a wriggle of joy. "Oh, I do hope so; we never have a chance—"

"Ssh," warned Jane. "Nothing to do with signaling." "It means a great, *particular* honor," whispered Vera kindly.

Bobo, round-eyed, again gave her attention to Miss Roberts, who went on with her news.

"The Commissioner called me up just before I left home. It seems she's gathering together a number of ladies for a tea party at her house during Girl Scout Week—women she hopes will be interested in joining the Girl Scout Coun-

cil, or becoming Troop Committee members and what not."

"Where do we come in?" Helen wondered.

"The Commissioner," Miss Roberts proceeded, "felt that nothing she could say about Scouting would be quite so convincing as for the ladies to see some live Girl Scouts in action. Therefore, she'd like you people to serve tea—and perhaps put on a few little stunts. A song, or a dialogue about the joys of camp, or something of that kind. She picked out Red Rose because she said she could depend on you for efficiency and originality."

Jane Burke whistled. "It *is* a signal honor," she agreed.

"Hooray," Red cried, "what a break for us! It lets us out from thinking up anything for Girl Scout Week."

"Does it, though?" Jane retorted. "What about the stunts? You'd better be a committee of one to think 'em up."

Red subsided, collapsing with a groan of mock despair.



"It does rather look," admitted Miss Roberts, "as if you'd have to go into a huddle over the whole affair. I'll leave you to it for a while." Most disappointingly, she walked off to look over some charts and papers. The others drew closer together.

"The tea part of it is easy enough," Jane decided. "You Hostesses can do that. Lillian, Betty, Ruthie, and Joan—and you can choose anybody else to help you. But not too big a crowd, or they'll be more hindrance than help. This'll be a private house, mind; not a gym or something where there's room for all of us. Then Helen, Red, Vera, and I can do a couple of stunts. One of them ought to be serious, I should think—a sort of propaganda thing about Scouting—and the other can be a funny one. Or maybe something useful—I'm not sure." As usual, Jane Burke was doing all the planning for the troop.

"What may I do?" Bobo interrupted.

"You can keep your little mouth closed, and run errands," advised Jane.

"But I have a message I could—"

"We'll be in uniform, I suppose?" Lillian put in.

"Of course," said Jane, "and—"

"I have a message—" said Bobo.

"And we could—" began Red.

"A mess—" Bobo tried again.

"It would be a mess, all right," Jane said tartly. "Please let us older ones do the planning, Bobo. We'll find something for you to do—if you'll promise not to open your mouth."

Bobo opened it, and closed it again silently. This was a dreadfully hard condition, and she withdrew to think it over. If she was not to open her mouth, how could she get over to the ladies the message that was already formulating itself in her perpetually busy brain? Her mind reverted to the "signal honor." She still wished it really meant signaling. A gleam lighted her face.

"That's it," she told herself. "I could do my message in wigwag. Then I wouldn't be opening my mouth. Of course, I'll have to practice signaling like fury, because I don't really know it at all. But it would be awfully original."

She bounded back to the group and outlined her plan.

"I think that's a cute idea," Vera encouraged her. "How ever did you think of it, Bobo?"

But Jane, with her all-too-practical mind, quickly doused the notion. "Even if you knew how to signal, my child—which you don't—your audience would not understand a word of your message," as you call it."

This blighting thought had not occurred to Bobo. She subsided, drooping, and continued her solitary study of the problems which beset her.

Bobo's devotion to Girl Scouting never flickered nor faltered. "A live Girl Scout in action"—that was what the Commissioner wanted to exhibit to the ladies; that was what Bobo could certainly be. Yet how could she put across all the ideas and enthusiasms that surged in her head, if she were not allowed to open her mouth?

Meanwhile the plans of the group were not progressing as well as they could have wished. Indeed, knit brows and glum expressions indicated that they were at a standstill.

"It is an honor, and no mistake," repeated Jane. "We've simply got to beat our own reputation."

"We'll have to set out and make a record for ourselves," added Betty.

Miss Roberts was coming toward the girls. "You'll have to carry on with the heavy brain work later," she announced. "I suggest a lively game of pitch ball to get the circulation going; it might even penetrate into the gray matter." She tapped her forehead significantly.

So the Red Roses scrambled to their feet and forgot their problems in a vigorous bout of crisscross pitch. But Bobo played with less than her usual abandon, and with a fixed gleam in her eyes. Something that had been said stuck in her mind and grew there with ever-increasing certainty. She would need time to think it out in practical detail, but there it was—a thought that spread and spread and got better and better as it expanded.

Bobo's room at home was a constant trial to her mother, who said it looked as though three squirrels and a magpie lived in it. This was due to Bobo's inclination to hoard strange collections of everything that came her way. Girl Scouting had considerably improved its appearance in some respects, though it had not really diminished the very large assortment of unrelated articles the room contained.

Bobo, however, knew just where everything was. On her return from Scout meeting she went unerringly to a large pile of clipped magazine pictures, lifted them away from her workbasket, set that aside from a box of corks, bottle tops, and nails, drew from beneath it another box containing specimens of twigs, pine cones, and dried berries, and finally produced from behind the whole affair the bank containing her worldly wealth. This bank was in the form of a Mexican pottery pig, and it required much patient effort to induce the creature to disgorge its contents. Bobo, with a narrow card inserted in the slot, (*Continued on page 49*)



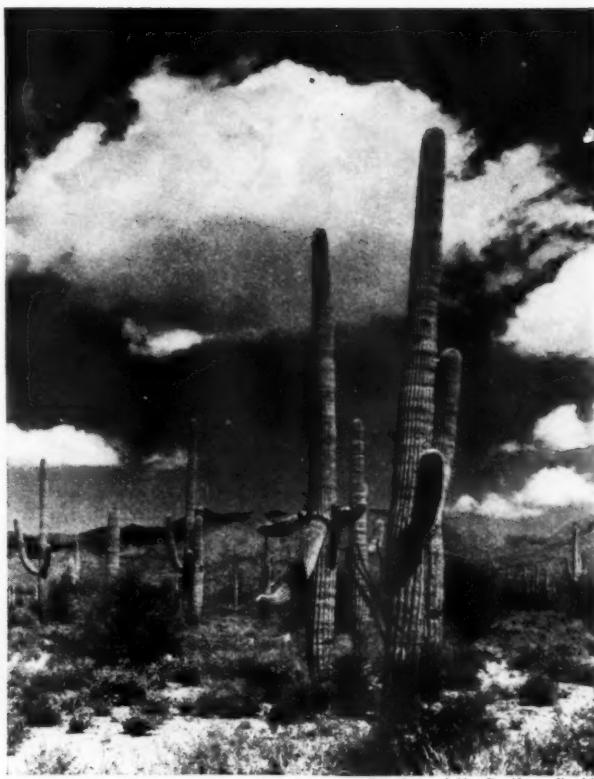
IT REQUIRED PATIENT EFFORT ON BOBO'S PART TO INDUCE THE PIG TO DISGORGE ITS CONTENTS

CASA GRANDE



Courtesy of the National Park Service

HOW CASA GRANDE LOOKED BEFORE 1900. THE FOUNDATIONS ARE BRACED TO PREVENT TOTTERING WALLS FROM FALLING



Courtesy of the Southern Pacific

GIANT SAGUAROS RAISE SPINY FINGERS TO THE SKY. NOTE THE NESTING HOLES DRILLED BY WOODPECKERS IN THE NEARER CACTUS



THE sun was setting when we left the palm-lined streets of Tucson, Arizona, in our old roadster. The back compartment and the trunk rack were packed with camp duffel and on the running board were two large water containers, an emergency supply for side trips in the American desert. We were headed toward Casa Grande, which is Spanish for "Great House." Casa Grande lies between Tucson and Phoenix, within the vast arid area of the United States.

"Let's find a camping spot," I suggested as soon as we were on the far side of town. It was too late to reach the ruin that night.

For answer, Nils swung the wheel of the car in a half circle and steered directly cross-country without waiting to find a side road. There was no fence to stop us and we bounced along over the dry ground into a group of saguaros, the giant cactuses which in this section form odd, spiny forests, with their tall, clublike, leafless limbs. These giant cactuses and many smaller varieties seemed to be reaching out toward us with their long spines.

"Watch the tires!" I suggested as we sideswiped a barrel cactus. But the vegetation was sparse enough to permit the passage of our car, and soon we were out of sight of the highway, in a secluded spot ideal for camping. We always hate to camp near roads.

"Why go farther?" asked Nils, as he ran our roadster straight toward a giant saguaro and stopped just in time to prevent our tires from being impaled on the spines. He turned off the noisy engine and we got out of the car, into the shadow which was creeping from a near-by mountain.

A visit to the mysterious "Great House" in the Arizona desert, where once a lost people lived and flourished

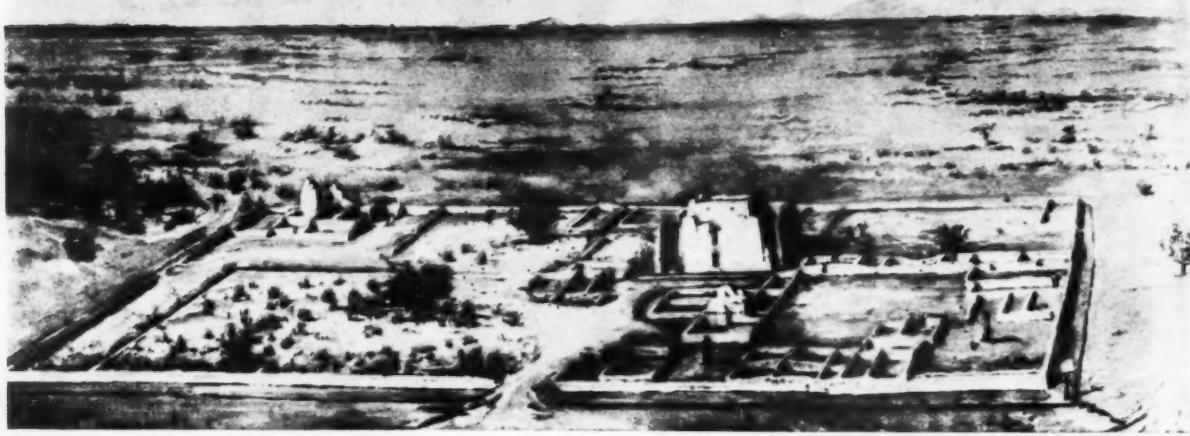
By DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER

The purple haze of dusk was upon the sentinel-like saguaros, and an awesome silence greeted us. The silence of the desert at sunset is not only weird, it is ominous, as though the dry land were unaware of time and lost in a slumberous contemplation of some forgotten age. It almost seemed as if we might expect a prehistoric animal, or person, to walk out of the silence and greet us. However, the only living thing in sight was a small lizard, and he scuttled away in great haste when he saw us.

Nils went to gather desert firewood while I started to make camp, rattling the cook pots as I removed them from the chuck box, just to hear the noise and dispel the eeriness of the silence. Persistently my thoughts turned to the long-forgotten people who in prehistoric times were the inhabitants of the near-by river valleys. I imagined I could almost feel the presence of these lost people, called by the living Pima tribe of Indians the *Hobokam*, meaning "Those Who Perished."



THE ROUND BARREL CACTUS



Most authorities agree that the Hohokam migrated from Asia across a land bridge which formerly existed between Siberia and Alaska. They came into the valley of the Gila River, it is believed, some time before the birth of Christ, living in primitive pit houses until they were joined by a migration of people who built themselves more solid homes and the Great House I have already mentioned. These people of Casa Grande lived their lives and flourished—and then in the silence of the past they disappeared, no one knows why or where, like ghosts into the wind. It was the ruins of their homes which we were to visit on the morrow.

Nils returned with an armful of greasewood, an oily desert shrub which burns while still green, with a quick, hot flame. I was glad to see a fire started, dispelling the gloom. Making camp was simple. We did not pitch our tent, preferring to sleep with the desert sky for a roof. The month was April—which means hot days and cool, but not cold, nights in the comparatively low altitude deserts of this country. So we put up our camp cots, spread out our army blankets to be ready for the night, which comes suddenly—the deep blue night of the desert. Then we spread a blanket on the ground and sat down to watch the stew boil over the coals. With the coming of night, the desert wind rose and seemed to deepen the mystery of this strange spot.

Suddenly I noticed a red eye winking from the mountain top. It almost seemed as though one of the old-time people had come back to signal to the living. What on earth was it, I wondered.

"It's the T.W.A. beacon," said Nils. And then I saw that the beam was intermittent, searching the sky for flying bird-men who cross the forbidding desert in a single night. The airplane beacon was the only sign which told us that life as we knew it was no illusion, but reality.

Right after supper we turned in, snuggling down into the comfort of our blankets, trying to escape the vastness of our lonely camp. I was just beginning to relax when I felt something sticking into me. Thinking of scorpions and other desert insects, I sat up hastily and began tearing my bedroll apart.

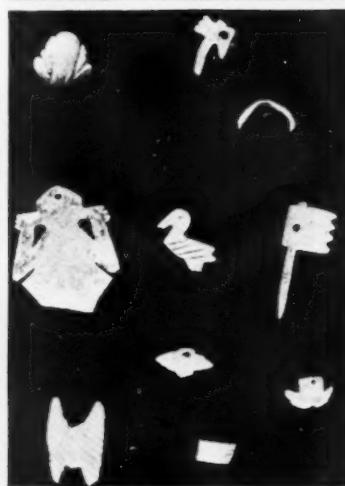
Nils rose from his cot and helped pull off the blankets. "There's nothing here," he said.

"There is," I insisted, getting out the flash light. By its rays I found some tiny thorns, so small as to be almost invisible, sticking into my legs.

"This must be the blanket we spread out for our noonday picnic," said Nils. It was full of *glochidia*, the minute spines which grow on some cactuses. They are barbed—and once in, there they stay. These minor irritations were to remain with me for the whole trip. I resolved to keep my sleeping

AN ARTIST'S DRAWING OF ONE OF THE COMPOUNDS OUTSIDE OF THE "GREAT HOUSE" AFTER EXCAVATIONS IN 1906 AND 1907

RIGHT: TURQUOISE AND SHELL INLAY MOSAICS AND SHELL BEADS DISCOVERED UNDER THE FLOOR OF ONE OF THE STRUCTURES IN THE COMPOUND ABOVE. THEY WERE PROBABLY USED IN CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH PRAYERS FOR RAIN. RIGHT, BELOW: SHELL ARTIFACTS FOUND IN EARLY EXCAVATIONS. BELOW: THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS IN FLOWER



Photographs on these two pages by courtesy of The National Park Service

blankets off the ground for the rest of our stay in the land of cactus.

We were a long time getting to sleep under the desert sky. The place was appallingly empty. As the plane beacon winked on through the night, we could not help thinking how fast our age is, how slow and long and inevitable the process of time. Above us rose the thick trunk of a saguaro, protected

during its long life by its armor of spines. These giant cactuses grow forty or more feet in height, but they are many years attaining full growth. The largest ones are said to be at least two hundred years old. The plant which stood on guard above us had been standing on this very spot while the United States was still a colony of England.

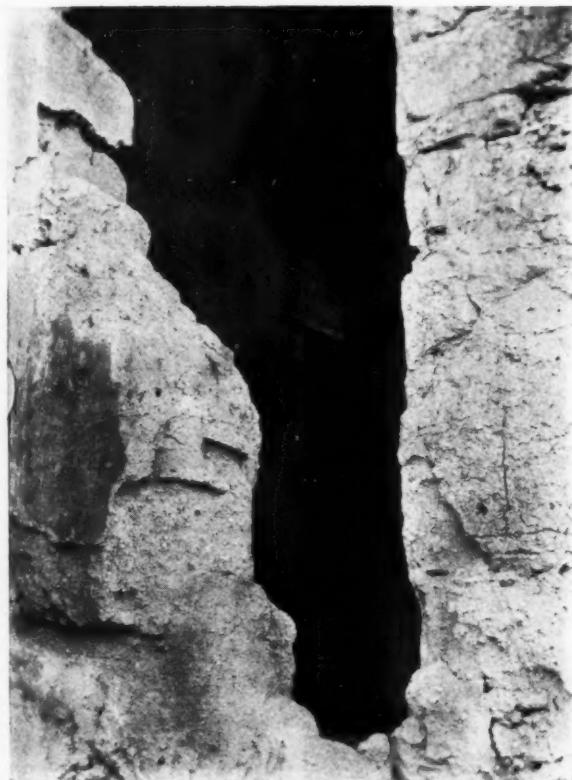
So interesting are these typical growths of the American desert that the Government has set aside a National Monument of 160,000 acres near Tucson for their protection. At the time of our visit the waxy blossoms were in bud, but on the very top of the trunks—and, appropriately enough, they are the Arizona State flower. No doubt the Hohokam, the lost people, gathered the fruits, and used them, perhaps, as they are used to-day by "desert rats," or prospectors, for making jelly and wine.

The fruits of the common prickly pear cactus are popular as food among the Mexicans and may be purchased in their markets. To-day they may even be bought in the markets of the East Side in New York City. The pear-shaped fruits have a sweetish tart flavor. When the spines have been removed, the "pears" may be eaten raw or cooked.

Just before we went to sleep we remarked to each other about the great amount of vegetation in this dry land. One often thinks of the word "desert" as synonymous with sand dunes—a trackless, unvegetated area. But the spot where we camped was typical of much of the arid land in America. All about us was the amazing growth of *xerophytes*, plants which have adapted themselves to life in a land of little rain. There were wide spaces between clumps, but the general effect was of rather thick vegetation. The round barrel cactus—the *bisnaga* from which the honeylike cactus candy is made—and the sprawling Teddy bear cactus are but two of the growths which protect themselves with spines against being eaten by hungry desert animals. Cactuses hoard the scant water they receive in thick, succulent stalks; desert shrubs are greasy, retaining their moisture under an oily bark. Such is the land in which the Hohokam made their homes when they settled long ago in the river valleys just beyond our horizon, a land of secretive desert life to which the ancient people adapted their own lives.

At dawn we continued on our way to Casa Grande, which is preserved within a small National Monument area on the banks of the Gila River. We were met at the entrance by a park ranger. "No one can see the ruins alone," he explained as we stopped our car.

We asked if anything unpleasant or dangerous might happen to us if we went in alone. *(Continued on page 40)*



LOOKING THROUGH A BREAK IN THE WALL OF THE SOUTH ROOM OF CASA GRANDE INTO THE EAST ROOM OF THE STRUCTURE. THE WEST WALL OF THIS ROOM, PARTIALLY STABILIZED TO PREVENT THREATENED COLLAPSE, IS SEEN THROUGH THE GAP. ABOVE AND BELOW THIS PICTURE ARE EXAMPLES OF HOHOKAM POTTERY NOW IN CASA GRANDE NATIONAL MONUMENT MUSEUM. RIGHT: THE GOVERNMENT-BUILT IRON "UMBRELLA" SHELTER, WHICH PROTECTS THE ADOBE WALLS OF THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT HOUSE



THE sunshine of the September noon lay warm on the steps of the gymnasium of West Haven High School, where the three girls sat—Janey Lewis, Mac Porter, and Candy Jamison, the Three Musketeers of West Haven Girl Scout Troop Five. From the music room, the sound of the male quartet practicing *Sylvia* floated down to them—Tad Tyler's deep baritone recognizable to the group on the steps. Hearing it, Mac seemed to be inspired with an idea. She lifted her blond head from inspecting a spot on her saddle oxford and turned to Janey. "Listen," she said, "why don't you ask Tad to the Rout?"

"What!" Janey exclaimed. "The Human Blot? 'String me up, Dave, go dig my grave' before I'll tie that millstone around my neck."

Her words were Janeylike enough, but there was a curious lack of sparkle to them. This lack was the more curious because the Senior Scouts were preparing for their second annual dance, the Scout Rout, and Janey was usually at her best when there were plans afoot.

"But you want to go, don't you?" demanded Candy.

"Well, I don't think so," said Janey, with elaborate indifference. She tossed back her unruly red hair and turned her spectacled gray eyes in Candy's direction. "You know I hate getting dressed up for anything. It's such a waste of time. Why can't we all go in sweaters and skirts and have real fun?"

"But everyone looks so much nicer, so much more—well, glamorous—in evening gowns," protested Candy. "They do wonders for you."

"That's what I object to," said Janey vehemently. She tossed the crust of the egg-salad sandwich she had brought out from the cafeteria at the trash can standing by the foot of the steps and scored a direct hit. "Getting glamoured up, I mean. I can't see putting on a lot of frills for just a bunch of boys. The female of the human species primpes up to dazzle the male, just the way the male of birds and other animals shows off his feathers, or fur, or what-have-you, to attract the female. It's plain vanity."

Mac and Candy hooted. This was one of Janey's favorite tirades.

"Laugh, clowns," she said, peering at them sagely through her glasses. "But I still say if anyone—boy, girl, anyone—is going to like me, he'll have to like me for my inside self, what I am, and not for my looks. That's how I feel and—oh, golly, I promised Miss Harrison I'd help her put up those murals the class in representation did! I'll have to hustle. See you in Cicero."

She rose abruptly and dashed up the stairs, disappearing through the double doors of the side entrance by the music room, just as a tall boy came along the gravel walk below the steps. If it had not been for the white sweater bearing the orange and black *W.H.S.* and the bold plaid slacks, which marked him as one of the younger modern generation, this boy might have been the original of the *Apollo Belvedere* which hung in Principal Smith's office. Vincent Hale was the handsomest boy in high school, and if he was aware of the fact himself—as lesser males accused—he could hardly be blamed for it. If there had been no mirrors to tell him, there would have been at least a hundred pairs of feminine eyes.

As he mounted the stairs, however, there were two pairs of feminine eyes which did not regard him with the rapt intensity of art lovers gazing on an original masterpiece. Rather did these eyes look on him with the expression an ardent gardener wears when he discovers a slug on the rosebush.

Janey ROUNDS A

Janey had no patience with putting on frills for boys—they could like her as she was, or not at all—but Mac and Candy hatched a plot whereby Janey made a startling discovery

Having given him one look, both Mac and Candy turned their heads away, of no mind to speak. But Vincent stopped when he reached them.

"I thought I saw Janey with you," he remarked.

Mac shook her head.

"I did see her," he insisted. "Where did she go?"

"Thin air," said Candy. "'Self-evaporation' she calls it. She's handy that way."

"She's mad at me, isn't she?" persisted Vincent.

"What gave you that idea?" Mac inquired.

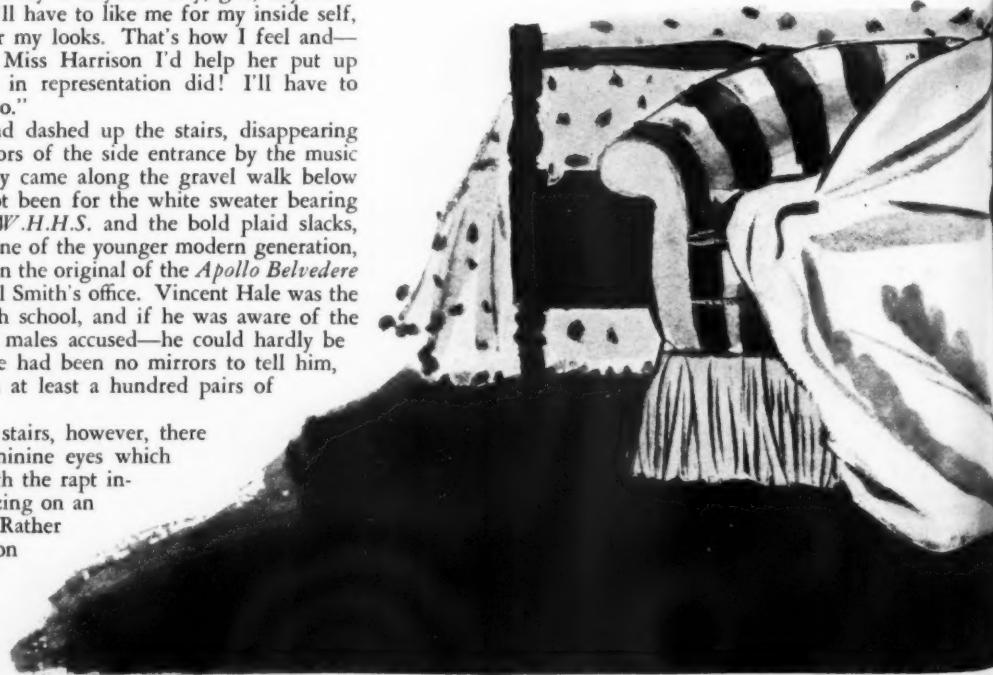
"Oh, because I told her I had to go out of town the night of the Rout, when she asked me to go with her, and then I made a date later with Darcy."

"But why should she be mad at that?" asked Candy. "I thought she was looking relieved. Didn't you, Mac?"

"Aw, you girls are hard on a guy. I mean—I am sorry. I suppose it was a rotten thing to do. I mean I like Janey and all that, only—"

"Tell it to the judge," said Mac succinctly.

Vincent opened his mouth—and shut it quickly again. The two faces before him had assumed the bland, imperturbable expression of a Chinese laundryman (Continued on page 30)



IN A CORNER

By NANCY TITUS

THE FULL-LENGTH MIRROR IN THE
CLOSET DOOR GAVE BACK AN IMAGE
SHE WAS UNACCUSTOMED TO SEEING

Illustrated by
SYLVIA
HAGGANDER



Barn in Autumn

By ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

There is a storm of swallows in the air,
A dark cloud of swift wings against the light.
Summer still reigns, the day is no less fair
For the brief shadow of this restless flight.
There is a questioning, but no sadness here
In this short season measured by the song
And rustle of birds not intimate with fear,
But safely housed in barn lofts season long.
And he who watches them sees summer go
In an arrowy arc, with autumn's bright sun set
Against the north wind's imminent ebb and flow.
The cricket lifts his ticking castanet,
The circle breaks and leaves against the sky
An emptiness, the echo of a cry.

Decoration by PAUL RABUT



ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HOME ECONOMICS?

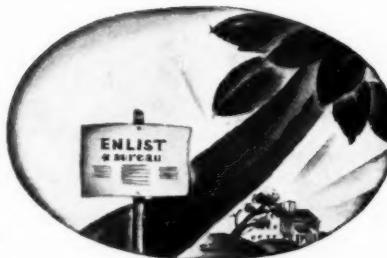
I AM planning to major in home economics," wrote one of the AMERICAN GIRL readers, "and it would be helpful if you ran an article on that subject. It would be appreciated by other girls, too."

We take it from her letter that this girl and her friends are interested in the home arts of cooking, sewing, decoration, and the like. If you, too, enjoy home economics courses in school and like to help with the household tasks, you might think about preparing yourself for a home economics job when the time comes to earn your living. Such training will always be useful, particularly if you marry and have a home of your own.

But before we tell you about all the varied jobs in this field, suppose we take a brief look at the training you will need for almost any home economics position. What's the first step? Can anything be done now, while you are still in school? Indeed, yes! First of all, you'll be wise to take all the science courses you can carry, especially chemistry. Public speaking, dramatics, typing, and art courses will be helpful as well; the first two will go a long way in preparing you for meeting the public and for public addresses. Many positions in home economics, especially in business, call for speech-making of one sort or another. You may find it necessary to talk to women's clubs or adult classes, to salesmen and advertising groups and the like. For that reason, it will be wise to jump at every chance to speak in assembly, or at young people's meetings in your church. And, of course, you'll take all the home economics you can get in high school.

"And after high school, what? Is college absolutely necessary to make good in home economics?" That question is always asked by girls whose family budget is on the slim side.

Well, short courses in dietetics are available, but our advice is to take a full four-year college course if you can possibly afford it. You can't get a teaching job without it, nor will you be so likely to go to the top in business without it, unless, of course, you have extra special qualifications. Moreover, a college degree, with a major in home economics, is required for membership in the *Women in Business* section of the American Home Economics Association. And that membership is extremely helpful to the young aspirant for a home economics position. The aim of that section of the Association is to bring girls and jobs together, and they do it through their registry of jobs and



By
MAY B.
VAN ARSDALE

*Professor Emeritus
of Household Arts,
Teachers College, Columbia University*

and

MARY REBECCA
LINGENFELTER

*Librarian and Author of
many books on vocations*

of the people who want them.

Where to get this training is another important question. Most State universities have good courses in home economics, and certain colleges specialize in this subject. Your dean of girls, or vocational counselor, can help you make a choice when you are ready to decide.

Now let's look at the advantages of this profession. Most important of all is the fact that it is a relatively uncrowded field, with no competition from men except in a few business phases such as owning or managing a restaurant, hotel, or cafeteria. Furthermore, home economics is a profession that is developing so fast along scientific, social, and business lines that we cannot predict how far it will go, or in what new directions. Homemaking, of course, is a natural career for women; and yet scientific homemaking, as we see it to-day, is one of the newest and most promising occupations.

Home economics, in most of its phases, is a well-paid field. And yet money returns may not be the most important point to consider. There will be countless opportunities to help others live happier, healthier lives—a source of satisfaction that may outweigh consideration of money rewards. Listen to the home economist on the *Farm and Home* hour on the radio, or to the *Cavalcade of America's* story of what is under way to give us "better things for better living through chemistry." What a vision, there, of the satisfaction that may come to research workers in clothing, housing, food, and nutrition! Home and commercial demonstrators, journalists, teachers, dietitians, institution managers, and home economists in social work have similar opportunities for service to humanity.

But let's look in more detail at the possibilities we have mentioned and see what special qualifications are required. Actually the positions open to home economics graduates can be divided into more than a half dozen large groups such as: Business, Food Service, Writing, Teaching, Research, Jobs with Uncle Sam, Social Work, and so on.

Commercial Demonstration in Business

Commercial demonstration furnishes a large number of jobs for the home economist. Here pleasing appearance, adaptability, poise, and ability to speak well in public are vital. Thorough training and experience are necessary as well. Never must there be danger of failure with

Home economics offers many opportunities for the girl who enjoys cooking, sewing, and the other household arts

a fluffy soufflé or frozen dessert when you are proving to prospective purchasers the merits of an electric stove, or a new type electric refrigerator!

The commercial demonstrator may travel all over the country for a firm that manufacturers equipment or commodities for the home. Perhaps for a silver company, showing table settings for different types of meals—formal, informal, teas, etc. Or she may introduce a new prepared food, or a special kind of linoleum. The possibilities are as numerous as the output of new gadgets and appliances.

These jobs are usually well paid and include traveling expenses. Fifty to seventy-five dollars a week is not unusual, although the beginning salary may be as low as nine hundred to thirteen hundred dollars a year. A good deal would depend, of course, on the value of the demonstrator to her company in publicity and sales. Here, it must be pointed out on the negative side, are all the drawbacks of a traveling salesman's irregularity of hours, uncertain future, and health strain from eating and sleeping here, there, and everywhere.

Public Utility Jobs

Home economists are often employed by public utility companies to conduct cooking schools, and to give series of lectures on cold cookery to demonstrate the value of electric and gas refrigerators. Kitchen planning is a new and interesting phase of this work. Here, too, the work may include advisory service to consumers, such as answering queries, or going to homes to investigate complaints about equipment.

At such times tact, good humor, and resourcefulness are all important in placating an irate housewife, or her cook.

Here is an amusing experience of one such investigator—an extreme case, but true, nevertheless. In a well-to-do home, the family had finally persuaded the elderly cook to let them install an electric stove instead of the old-fashioned coal stove she had always used. But what a rumpus when the first bill arrived! Sent to investigate the trouble, the household adviser discovered that the cook had turned on the electric stove full tilt at six in the morning, and left it that way until she went to bed at night.

"If I can't have my stove hot all day, you can take it out," was her reply to the suggestion that burners should only be turned on when actually needed for cooking. It required tact plus to convince the antagonistic cook that she would be better off with the newfangled invention than struggling with her hot, back-breaking old coal-eater.

Although beginning salaries may be low—perhaps no more than a thousand dollars a year—there may be opportunities for advancement. After years of successful experience, the home economist may be chosen to train new recruits in the art of demonstrating for the utility company. This will more than likely be a well-paid position, with the possibility of earning three to five thousand dollars a year. But it takes exceptional ability, industry, and thorough training to achieve such a position.



Illustrated by
S. WENDELL
CAMPBELL



Budgeting

To-day many large banks employ home economists to give household advisory service. This consists chiefly in helping housewives devise workable budgets for their incomes. Here is where common sense, sincere and sympathetic interest in people, and a good head for figures are needed. And this is one of the positions where you can gain real satisfaction from helping people straighten out their financial tangles. The salary may be thirty-five dollars a week or even less, and there may be small opportunity for advancement, but it is pleasant, heart-warming work, with rather easy hours. We know of one woman, however, who receives a very generous salary for handling advertising as well as helping customers.

Merchandising and Buying

The home economics graduate who has sales ability may find a place in business, either in selling or as a buyer. For a sales position in Household Goods, or in other departments of the store which serve the home, the employment manager of a department store will give preference to a girl trained in home economics.

"But isn't that an insignificant job for a girl who has spent four years in training?" you may protest.

On the surface it may seem so, particularly if the beginning salary is the same as that earned by a girl with only a high school education. And yet the trained home economist will have opportunities for advancement denied to the other girl. She may become a buyer for the department, or head

of it; or she may be promoted to the advertising department. If she has specialized in art and design, fashion work could be her goal, or she could become the store's expert on textiles. And if she ever goes into business for herself—perhaps opening a gift shop—this sales experience will be invaluable.

If your goal is radio, you must have an acceptable radio voice. There will be rigid voice tests, just as there are screen tests for the movie-struck girl. It isn't easy to crash the radio—jobs are scarce, and they usually go to the person who has worked hard to prepare for such work. Salaries here may begin at twelve hundred dollars a year, but those who reach the heights of directing a program are sometimes paid five thousand dollars a year or more.

Food Service

And now we come to one of the largest fields open to the home economics graduate! Suppose we list some of the opportunities in food service—hostess; owner or manager of restaurant, tea room, or cafeteria; food director in hotel, club, camp, or institution, and for an air line, school, or college dormitory; food shop manager; research worker for food manufacturers, or for advertising agency; consultant on household or institutional equipment; educational director or demonstrator for advertising agency; home-service director. There are also new opportunities for nutritionists with welfare organizations, in public health, and in industry. Indeed, there is a growing demand for food experts outside hospitals.

Personal qualifications for almost (Continued on page 32)

The BONNETS

Another delightful might-be-true story of an old-time song, in which the silver flutes of the Tudors appear once again

THE sharp, bright wind of a Scottish spring morning tossed the boy's ragged plaid as he made his way to the West Gate of Edinburgh, and even lifted the heavy blue cloak of the tall man he guided. They were ordinary folk enough for that time, a rawboned, elderly peasant whose closed eyes and tapping staff betrayed his blindness, and a ruddy, fair-headed boy of fourteen or fifteen, barefoot and bareheaded. The boy, carrying a small harp over his shoulder and a tarnished, trumpet-mouthed flute in his hand, walked a step ahead of the man, whose hand lay on his shoulder. He turned as the blind harper spoke.

"We must be nigh Edinburgh city by now, young Jock," the blind man said. "I can smell it. I followed your father through France and Holland and England, but I'd know the smell of Auld Reekie from them all. Ochone, those were the grand days, before the Battle of Bothwell Brig cost your dad his life and lands, and me the sight."

Jock—or John—Kennedy was a dutiful lad enough, but there were times when he wearied of Allan Lennox's talk of the wonderful days before his time. His father had been a prosperous landed gentleman, ten years back, but he had battled on the side of the Covenanters, fighting against the demand of the English king, Charles the Second, that the Scots should worship as the English Church did. And after Sir John's death at Bothwell Bridge, the Kennedy lands had been confiscated, and Lady Kennedy and her little son were left penniless. But Lady Kennedy never complained—gallant gentlewoman that she was—though she lived in a cotter's hut, her only servant blind Allan's wife, Janet, and their only source of livelihood the pence Allan and Jock brought back from their wanderings.

"These are cruel times, laddie," she sometimes said to her son. "Better folk than we are have had to take to the caves and the heather."

Jock looked at the matter more cheerfully still. He liked the life. In Scotland, wandering harpers had a respected place of their own. To the country people, who could not read or write and had no way of learning what went on a few miles from their own villages or lonely moorland cottages, the harpers were at once historians, entertainers, and news broadcasters. They were welcomed everywhere and were privileged beyond their class—in a day when class lines were hedged about by laws and penalties.

So Jock answered Allan a little sharply. "These days are brave enough. When I'm a bit older and we've a bit more saved, I'll be going to the wars myself and maybe win back



BLIND ALLAN, EXALTED BY THE NEWS HE HAD JUST HEARD, STRODE DOWN THE CENTER OF THE STREET LIKE A SEEING MAN, DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING HORSEMAN

our lands. But for the present I've no quarrel with harping and ballad-making. There's a stir here in Edinburgh, the day. I can see light flashing on coats o' mail through the archway. And hark to the drums beating and the bells! They're nigh being rung backward, so hard they sound. There might be something to make a grand ballad about. Or don't you care any more about the ballad-making, Allan?"

He had struck the right chord. Allan stopped in his tracks and answered fiercely, "Not care—when a fine ballad about a battle, or a pair o' lovers, will keep the folk in it alive five hundred year—and the man wha' made it livin' with them? Ye know better! Wasn't it my own great-grandfather that was sittin', with his harp, in the inn on the moor when some one hammered on the door—and there stood a dozen horses, and a gentleman on every horse laughin' fit to split his sides, and the biggest man of all ridin' behind one o' them like a lady? And wasn't it Kinmont Willie, that the bold Buccleuch had left away from the Warden o' the English Marches by the cleverest trick a man ever planned? And didn't my great-grandfather make the ballad on him, then and there, that still is sung all over Scotland?"

Jock slipped the harp around and struck a chord on it as the old man-at-arms raised his strong, roughened baritone in the familiar song:

*"And have they taken him, Kinmont Willie,
"Against the peace of the Border-Tide?
"And have they forgot that the bold Buccleuch
"Is keeper here on the Scottish side?"*

OF BONNY DUNDEE

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Illustrated by
ELINORE BLAISDELL



The nearest of the men-at-arms lounging about the West Gate straightened up at the song. "Hey, that's a good Scots song," he said. "And who may you be that sings it?"

Allan took a step toward the voice. "Ye have but to look to see," he said. "Naught but a harpin' beggar and his lad, though I was once as good a fightin' man as you."

"And which side fought ye for, the Covenant or the King?" asked the guard, though more with interest than menace in his voice.

"For the blessed Covenant and the right of all Scots to worship accordin' to conscience," Allan said, fiercely still. "'Twas at Bothwell Brig, ten years back, that I lost my sight—where the Duke o' Monmouth captained the prelatical host that rode us down, singin' their light songs, with their lovelocks and their velvets and laces."

"Pass and be welcome, good brother," the guard said, to Jock's relief. "And as for the Duke o' Monmouth, remember that the Book says of the evil man, 'And I looked again, and lo, he was not.'"

"Aye, I know that," Allan said. "King James Stuart, his own uncle by the left hand, beheaded Monmouth as if he had been any poor Covenanter, four years back. But what better is a Papist king—such as James Stuart is become, they say—than a prelatical one such as Monmouth would have been?"

"Losh, man, ye must have been wanderin' long by caves and

mosses," said the guard. "Have ye heard naught o' the news?"

"What has befallen, then?" Allan demanded.

"Did ye not know," went on the guard, "that James Stuart has been chased from his own kingdom this six months, and that wee William of Orange, that married on James's daughter Mary, sits firm on the throne of England now?"

"Nay," Allan cried. "Go on, man! What of the Scots lords?"

"Oh, the great folk, some of them, still hope to bring back the Stuart. But we plain Scots people are all for William, that's nigh as good a Presbyterian as ourselves."

Allan pulled off his ragged bonnet. "Heaven be thankit," he said.

"Pass on through, brother," the guard said. "There'll be orders to close the West Port ere long."

Allan moved on through the gate. "Jock, where are ye, lad?" he called. "Did ye hear the grand news?"

But Jock, who had gone a little ahead and was waiting for Allan on the narrow footpath under the eaves of the crooked, crowded houses inside the West Gate, did not hear him. He was staring at a gentleman who was riding down the center of the muddy street on a fine black horse. He had

never seen anyone so handsome, or so great looking. The rider, who might have been in his late thirties, had something about him that drew the boy's worship. He was like one of the knights in the fairy ballad of Tamlane they had often sung to country folk, Jock thought, or stately and winsome as the bonny Earl o' Murray that had died for a king's jealousy.

*"He was a braw gallant
An' he rode at the ring—
O the bonny earl o' Murray,
He might have been a king."*

Jock, in the cot on the moors, or wandering through the countryside with Allan, had not seen many knights or gentlemen. His eyes were full of hero worship as he gazed at this one, erect and graceful in the saddle, turning to smile at something his companion, a dreamy-eyed, bookish-looking cavalier, had said. The gentleman's brown lovelocks blew back from a clear-cut face with wonderful gray eyes. But though he smiled, there was something sad and scornful in his face, too. Jock saw there the strength and charm and ruthlessness that go to make a great soldier.

He turned to a market lass near him, who had stopped, like himself, to stare at the riders. "Who's the gentleman with the cloak over the steel corselet?" he asked her.

"The far one's Lord Balcarres," she said, shifting the

*Bonny Dundee

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall,
 there are crowns to be broke;
 "So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 "Come to" 'w the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 "Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 "Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 "Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 "And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en
 let him be,
 "The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."
 "Come fill up, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 "Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 "Or low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 "Come fill up, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands
 beyond Forth,
 "If there's lords in the Lowlands,
 there's chieftains in the North;
 "There are wild Duniwassals, three thousand
 times three,
 "Will cry hoigh! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 "Come fill up, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
 "Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 "And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 "You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!
 "Come fill up, etc."

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettledrums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea,
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
 "Come fill up, etc."

*Note: Several stanzas are omitted.

basket on her shawled, tousled head. "But the nigh one—the bonny one—he's Viscount Dundee. 'Bonny Dundee,' folks call him. There's them that hate him, but many a common lass and grand lady in Edinburgh would follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee to Land's End and after—and many a lad would follow him, too."

Jock stared at the splendid rider—who might have been a rider straight out of a ballad—and the girl's words thrummed in his head, making themselves a tune. "Follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee." He hummed the tune half under his breath and words easily fitted themselves to the melody.

"There are lads and are lasses a thousand and time three
 "That would follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

He was making a ballad, a ballad that might be sung for a hundred years, like "Kinmont Willie" or "Sir Patrick Spens." Head bent, playing the tune over on his flute desperately before he lost it, he quite forgot his blind charge.

Meanwhile Allan Lennox, exalted by the news he had just heard, was striding down the center of the street like a seeing man. He stepped full into the riders' path.

It was a day which held small consideration for the common people. Nobles, such as these two, might have ridden a blind beggar down unblamed—and many would—but the black horse's rider leaped to the road, thrusting Allan to the side.

"Would you kill yourself, man?" he cried, while the perfectly trained black horse stood statue still.

Jock sprang forward, bowing courteously. "Allan Lennox is blind, your lordship," he said eagerly. "Twas my blame. I was watching you and forgot to guide him." He added shyly, "I was making up a ballad about you."

Dundee held the harper's shoulder, staring at him. "Allan Lennox?" he repeated. He turned to his friend, who had also halted. "Go on, Balcarres, I'll catch you up in a gliff."

"Aye, well," Balcarres said, and rode placidly on.

Dundee's hand drew Allan into a narrow lane between the houses. "Aye," he said, "you're the man. Allan Lennox, I have sought you this ten year."

"And what noble seeks Allan Lennox?" the harper answered angrily. "There can be but one with that voice—and I would rather be sought by his master, the devil, than him."

To so answer a great nobleman—or even a small lord—in that day was to risk a heavy punishment. Jock cried out, in dread of seeing Allan carried off to the Tolbooth then and there. "Are you mad, Allan? 'Tis Viscount Dundee. He just saved your life, and he's kind and free and bonny."

"Bonny Dundee, or Bloody Clavers," Allan answered bitterly, "it's all the same. I know the smooth voice of him that was your dad's dearest comrade-in-arms under William of Orange in the Lowlands before you were born—and then, because your dad was for the Covenant and he for the Prelacy, sent troopers to burn his house and

waste his lands and make his son a roamin' beggar. And you, poor fool, thinkin' to make ballads on his devil's gift of power and beauty!"

"I didn't know," Jock stammered, the flute clutched forgotten in his hand.

"How should ye know?" Allan demanded. "The friendship was shame enough to us, never to speak on it. And who in the countryside that he put to fire and sword would be bowin' and scrapin' to the new title he got for such devil's work? Bloody Clavers was enough name for the like o' him, and I say it to his face."

(Continued on page 36)

SKY RABBITS

Unlimited

By

ELEANOR HULL

New horizons begin to open for Kate as she accepts Aunt Elizabeth's challenge—to the perplexity of Joel and the growing irritation of Mrs. Ronca

Illustrated by

CORINNE
MALVERN



KATE RAN HER FINGER DOWN THE COLUMN OF B'S

The Story So Far

To Kate Brown, sixteen, just graduated from high school in the little Rocky Mountain town of Sky Rock, the future looked bleak on the June morning she, her fifteen-year-old sister, Ruth, and her younger brother, Little Matt, set out to climb the rock for which the town was named. Kate was determined to go to college, but her widowed mother's only income was a small pension and Kate had been unable to find a job. Her Aunt Elizabeth, dean of women at a Kansas college, had refused help, writing that if Kate was in earnest she could find a way to help herself.

As they climbed the steep trail, suddenly they overheard a voice declaring bitterly that Commencement is the end, not the beginning of things—and came upon a boy, a little older than Kate, declaiming to the empty air. As Kate appeared on the rock above him, silhouetted goddesslike against the sky, the boy exclaimed, "Who are you, anyway, Brunbild?"

The parents of this boy, Joel Ronca, had come to Sky Rock because of his father's business reverses. The Ronca family had started an Angora rabbit farm, and Joel invited the Browns to visit it, asking at the same time if they knew where his mother could find a maid. He confessed the bitterness he was feeling because he could not go to Harvard as he had planned. On the way home they rescued a baby coyote which Matt christened "Song-Dog" and adopted as a pet. Kate, curious about Joel—so different from anyone she had known—wondered who Brunbild was, and determined to find out.

PART TWO

ON HER way home from the grocery store, the next morning, Kate stopped to see if the schoolhouse was open.

It was open. Licia Phipps, the boy who pretended to be janitor, was not in sight, but his mop and pail of water stood in the entry. Kate snorted. Licia was supposedly cleaning the schoolhouse for the summer, but probably he had been seized with the idea of going fishing. Licia wasn't worth shucks.

Kate went into the "high-school room," the larger of the two rooms in the small schoolhouse, where the dictionary resided, and breathed the familiar smell of chalk dust and discipline with a shiver of sadness. That smell was associated with so many good times and so many bad times. But already the bad times were misted with the glamour of things past. She even chuckled when she passed the seat where Billy Armstrong had cut her initials and his, along with a heart and an arrow. Three years ago she had cried inconsolably because Billy was a head shorter than she.

Kate dropped her bag of groceries and flopped open the dictionary on the teacher's desk, feeling a melancholy immunity in such a liberty. "Bruise, brunet," here it was, "Brunbild."

As she read Kate gasped. "Brunbild. A legendary queen who vows that he who wins her must first defeat her in hurling a spear, throwing a stone, and leaping. A Valkyr."

"My goodness!" she breathed. She turned to the V's. "Valkyr. One of the maidens who served at the banquets in Valhalla, whence they were sent by Odin to point out those to be slain in battle and to bear their souls to Valhalla."

Kate's face flushed and she stared out the window without seeing the road and the village. A legendary queen!

She stepped buoyantly over Locia's bucket and out of the schoolhouse, feeling heroic and invincible. Then her spirits sagged. "Brunhild—with her life on her hands and not a thing to do with it. Unless there's a job as chambermaid when the Summer Hotel opens next month," she thought. She shifted her groceries and straightened her shoulders. "But, anyway, —Brunhild."

When she had turned the curve of the road she saw a truck standing in front of the Brown house. She knew that truck. It belonged to her cousin, Lena Transim, who lived a mile from the village.

Kate's whole face brightened. "Lindalee," she cried under her breath, and ran down the hill and into the house, leaving the gate wide in her hurry.

In the living room was gathered a tender audience, and on the linoleum sat the performer. She was Lena's little daughter, a delicate child of a year, with curly dark hair and large, solemn, dark eyes. When she saw Kate, she smiled, gave a wriggle, swayed to hands and knees with a little shuffle, and then looked up for approval.

Kate clasped her hands with delight. "Lindalee," she cried. "Why, she's creeping. She's finally creeping."

"Not so terrible good yet," said her mother, a thin, anxious-looking girl of twenty. "But it's something to have her try. I was feared she wasn't going to, since that fall she had off the bed."

"Look at Song-Dog!" cried Little Matt. "He wants to get down and help her."

The coyote pup was squirming in his master's arms, staring anxiously at the baby and squealing.

"Well, don't you let him down," cautioned Mom, rocking and knitting beside the old upright piano that Dad had traded for long ago, and that Ruth loved to play. "You'd better take him outdoors now. You know what I said about having him in the house." She turned to Lena. "Imagine, a coyote!"

KATE was down on her knees beside the baby. "Come on, try again, darling," she urged. "Come to Cousin Kate."

Lindalee sat up again, dropped her little chin, and seemed to be counting up her buttons.

"She always does like that when you speak to her," cried her mother. "Honest, I don't know what to make of her. Seems like she never will grow big and strong like other kids. I see her looking at me sometimes so strange, like she was saying, 'I know my daddy's dead, and I'm not going to stay long behind him.'"

"Nonsense," snorted Kate. "You just don't take care of her right. Letting her roll off the bed like that! And you never feed her on time." She glanced at the clock. "It's time right now."

Lena scurried off guiltily after the milk.

"Get all the groceries, Kate?" Mom asked, still rocking and knitting with rhythmic serenity. Mom's broad red face was pleasant under its curled blond pompadour. Mom had a good sense of humor and a great sense of ease.

"Yes, though I thought Reldie never would find the tomato



juice," said Kate, patting her cheek with the baby's crumpled little white palm, till Lindalee bubbled with delight. "I had to find it for her. But she's the one with the job."

"Seems like there ought to be other jobs," said Mom. "Seems like there'll something turn up, Kate, when you want it so bad."

The girl suddenly held Lindalee's hand still. When Lena came back with the warm milk, Kate abstractedly dumped the baby into her mother's lap, instead of taking the milk and feeding Lindalee herself, as she usually did. "Say, Ruthie," she said, "how about going over to see those—what kind of rabbits?—this afternoon?"

"Angora," answered Ruth from the piano stool, her fingers, which had been feeling out the tune of a popular song, pausing on the keys. "You know those fluffy sweaters, Kate."

"Yes, but I can't get over feeling they must come from some kind of South American goat."

"You going up to that new rabbit farm?" asked Lena, who always knew a surprising amount about everything that went on. "I'll drive you up on my way home. Then I can stop and see the rabbits, too."

As the three of them, with Lindalee in Kate's lap, drove up the canyon, Ruth remarked, "Remember how we used to think the old Hillyer place was a castle, when we were little, and the stories we used to make up about it?"

"I used to get so mad at your stick-in-the-mud princess," chuckled Kate. "Always getting in the way of my dashing, romantic prince."

The truck bumped along, springless and uncomfortable, a heritage from Pete, Lena's young husband, who had hauled coal and wood in it until pneumonia took him. They rounded the curve between banks of bright new scrub oak and pulled up under the pines in view of a large log house. It was an imposing house for Sky Rock, one end dominated by a heavy stone chimney, a broad veranda following the ell-shaped



JOEL PLAYED FOR NEARLY AN HOUR WHILE MOM AND RUTH STOLE IN FROM THE KITCHEN, AND LITTLE MATT, WITH SONG-DOG, LISTENED, TOO

front, and dozens of many-paned casement windows.

While they were walking toward the porch, Joel Ronca, more thin and frowning than Kate had remembered, came out, wearing a maroon shirt with his fawn riding breeches. He looked a little like one of her imagined princes, she thought, only under some kind of bad spell.

"Greetings," he said, surveying Lena and Lindalee without enthusiasm.

"This is my cousin, Lena Transim," Kate introduced, "and her little girl, Lindalee. May we see the rabbits, Joel?"

"Of course. I'm glad you came," said Joel. "How's the coyote pup?"

"Getting so friendly. But you should see Little Matt's scratches," answered Kate.

Joel led them past a barn made into a garage, and through a thicket into a clearing where a small shed was flanked by rows of queer-looking cages.

"Why, the pens are on stilts," exclaimed Ruth.

"Yes, that's to keep them clean and airy," explained Joel. "Well, here are the rabbits."

"Oh, (Continued on page 42)

Corinne
Malvern

PREPARE to

GIRL SCOUT SERVICE BUREAU

Register

GIRL
SCOUTS
are
prepared



A BROWNIE HELPS HER GRANDMOTHER PIECE A QUILT AND LEARNS A LESSON IN THRIFT THAT IS VALUABLE IN NATIONAL DEFENSE—TO FIND AND UTILIZE THE MATERIALS AT HAND



Photograph by Paul Parker

A SENIOR SCOUT SHOWS HER RED CROSS INSTRUCTRESS A BABY CAP AND JACKET SHE HAS MADE OF WARM OUTING FLANNEL, DISPLAYING THEM ON A LIFELIKE DOLL MODEL

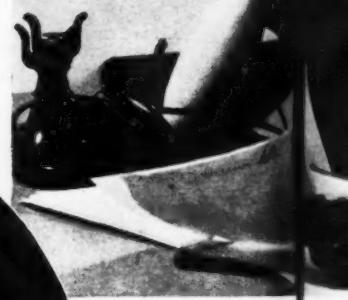


Photograph by Paul Parker

WINDING YARN FOR A KNITTING MACHINE IS PART OF THE DEFENSE WORK OF THIS SCOUT. LEFT: FOLK DANCING IS ONE WAY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, KEEP IN GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION



AN AFGHAN WHICH THE GIRL SCOUTS OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, MADE FOR THEIR SISTER GIRL GUIDES OF GERMANY.



A BUSINESSLIKE SQUAD ON GIRL SCOUT SERVICE. HERE THEY REGISTER THEIR AVAILABILITY FOR SERVICE OVER TASKS THAT REQUIRE SPECIAL SKILLS. FOR MORE IMPORTANCE OF DEFENSE WORK, SEE PAGE FIVE

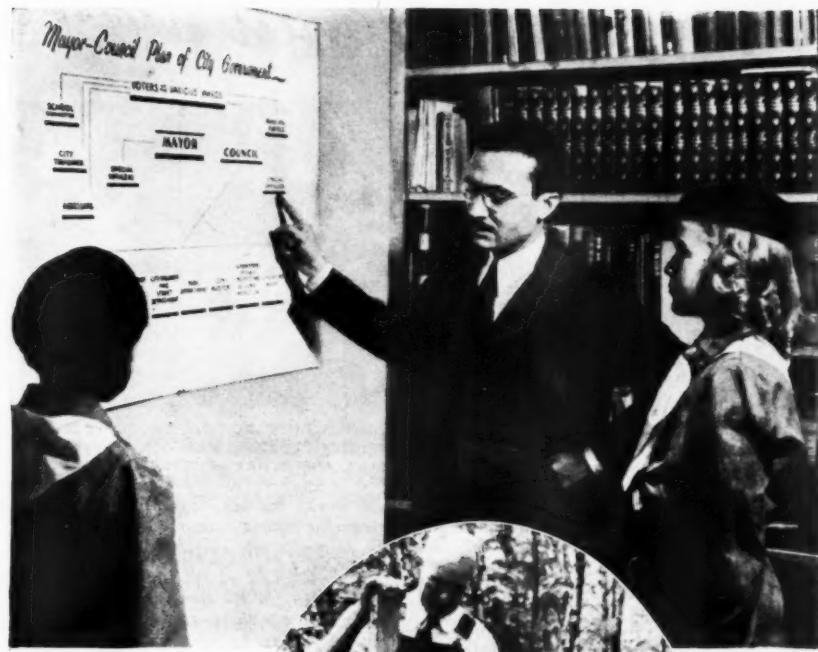
EL to SERVE

Photograph by Paul Parker



GIRL
SCOUTS
are
prepared

IN ORDER TO BE INTELLIGENT CITIZENS, GIRL SCOUTS RECEIVE INSTRUCTION ON THE MAYOR-COUNCIL PLAN OF CITY GOVERNMENT FROM AN OFFICIAL OF THEIR COMMUNITY



Photograph
by Paul
Parker

ARE SENT OUT ON DUTY AT A
SERVICIAL. HERE GIRLS REG-
AVAILABLE FOR SERVICE, TAK-
ING CARE OF RELEASED ADULTS
AND OTHERS OF DEFENSE WORK



Photograph
by Paul
Parker

KNOWING SIMPLE CAMP CRAFTS AND HOW TO USE TOOLS
MAKES A GIRL SCOUT SELF-RELIANT IN EMERGENCIES AND
IS A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO NATIONAL DEFENSE



Photograph by Paul Parker

A GIRL SCOUT MAKES A
MAP SHOWING ALL THE
ROUTES IN AND OUT OF
HER TOWN. AT RIGHT:
TROOP TWO OF CHEY-
ENNE, WYOMING, PRE-
PARES 28,000 LETTERS
FOR MAILING BY
THE T. B. ASSOCIATION



OUTS OF FIVE, INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS, KNITTED
OF COTTON. LEFT-OVER YARNS WERE UTILIZED

A Regional Roll Call of the

Photograph by Paul Parker



NEW JERSEY MARINERS OFFER THEIR SERVICES TO THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE LIBRARY IN ITS ANNUAL DRIVE FOR BOOKS

Photograph by Paul Parker



SENIOR SCOUTS DELIVER TO THEIR LOCAL RED CROSS CHAPTER HOUSE SWEATERS, AFGHANS, AND OTHER ARTICLES THEY'VE MADE

Photograph by Miller Studio



UNDER THEIR MOTHERS' SUPERVISION TULSA, OKLAHOMA, SCOUTS LEARN TO QUILT A COVERLET, THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO RELIEF

MORE than the rustle of leaves and the warmth of October's sun that made for splendid hiking was important to Girl Scouts during the autumn of 1940. For by autumn last year, the Girl Scout Service Bureaus were established and hundreds of Girl Scouts had found the answer to their question, "What can I do to help in national defense and to alleviate in some way the suffering of people in war-torn lands?" Not only did they know the answer, but by that time many of the Girl Scouts who were early to volunteer had their sleeves rolled up and were deep in the business of accomplishing those assignments given to them by their Girl Scout Service Bureaus.

A voluntary service for registered Girl Scouts, the Service Bureaus are a channel through which welfare and civic groups can make their needs known and Girl Scouts can volunteer for practical service. Very often their job is that of relieving adults of routine chores in order that they may have more time for special defense work. Girl Scouts run errands, too, deliver messages, care for children, do numerous other normal jobs that make for national unity and strengthen democracy at home as well as contribute aid to those nations who are now fighting to preserve democracy. Through the Service Bureaus Girl Scouts have a greater opportunity to serve and to prove their preparedness to serve. They are meeting to-day's needs at home.

On January 31, 1941, six hundred and thirty-three girls and women in Girl Scouting gave a new significance to the Service Bureaus when they presented a promissory note to President Roosevelt, reading, "On demand, the Girl Scouts promise to pay to the order of the people of the United States any required number of hours of service in the interest of national defense."

Now, in this October of 1941, what has been done? What have Girl Scouts in Michigan accomplished? In Maryland? In New England? California? Texas? North, East, South, and West, what's going on in Girl Scout Service Bureaus? A trip on the train might be one way to find out—but that takes time and would be a long, difficult journey. A regional roll call in a "let's make-believe" broadcast should be simpler, so take some paper and a pencil (you'll find ideas to suggest to your own troop) and seek your coziest curl-up spot.

Your dial is tuned to Station GSSB (Girl

Scout Service Bureaus, of course) and here is the opening announcement!

Girl Scouts of the United States present a Regional Roll Call of the Girl Scout Service Bureaus. Due to the tremendous volume of Service Bureau activity—and necessary duplication of projects in many localities—we are unable to report entirely the work accomplished by each Service Bureau, but rather a cross section of the many differing projects engaged in by each bureau, as we tune in on them from coast to coast. Girl Scouts in the New England States make up Region I, and we're taking you first to hear what Boston, Massachusetts has to say for its Girl Scout Service Bureau. Come in, Boston:

This is BOSTON speaking: Among our Service Bureau activities Girl Scouts made oil-cloth dolls and small cloth toys for the Red Cross to pack in the boxes of needed articles being sent to British children. We also collected old linen and cotton sheets, pillow-cases, and towels to aid civilian population of Britain who were bombed from their homes.

And now we will hear from Hingham, Massachusetts:

This is HINGHAM reporting: Girl Scouts are contributing messenger service to the Red Cross and the National Defense Committee. We have made a thorough study of Hingham streets, noting the location of first aid stations, public buildings, and doctors' offices. We have mapped out more than one route to these strategic places, and in the event of disaster, Girl Scouts have made detailed plans for feeding, clothing, and caring for Hingham people.

On to Girl Scout Region II! This is the Hendrik Hudson group, home of many big-city troops. High on the list of active Service Bureau workers are the Girl Scouts of Albany, New York:

This is ALBANY: Since October 1940, close on to four hundred Girl Scouts have given service in some twenty agencies. In addition, thirty-three troops are knitting for the Red Cross, rolling bandages, etc., thus adding six hundred more. For the Association of the Blind, Scouts acted as sales girls and walked home with blind workers. For After-Care of Infantile Paralysis, they have made rubber sandals out of old inner tubes, for the patients to wear going to and from the swimming pool, a splendid example

of Girl Scouts helping to preserve community health. For the Institute of History and Art, they have ushered at all performances of the Children's Theater and have had one Girl Scout in charge of song leading. Girl Scouts have also undertaken the classifying of art collections.

These are only a few of Albany's activities; and now let's listen in on Staten Island:

Girl Scouts of STATEN ISLAND are raising fresh vegetables for a hospital that is unable to afford a gardener. Helping to solve community problems, at a time when our nation is building for national unity, is a particularly important problem for Girl Scouts to undertake in their Service Bureau work. Staten Island Girl Scouts have also collected money to buy seeds, soap, and other supplies to send to Great Britain, Finland, and China.

And now comes the report from the Bronx, New York:

Girl Scouts of the BRONX have taken on the project of helping refugee children adjust themselves and are welcoming them into their troops. The United States is rapidly becoming a refuge center for children from every nation in Europe. Hundreds of Girl Guides have been given special associate memberships in American troops; this is not only serving the principle of Girl Scouting—developing international friendship—but is also a significant contribution to the nation's unity and plan for furthering international relationships.

Region III stands by to report. Go ahead, Brunswick, Maryland:

This is BRUNSWICK: One leader reports each of her patrols has adopted a family to aid. We have also cooperated with the American Legion in aiding a family. A Girl Scout troop bought milk for the baby, brought food, clothing, and medicine to the family. Care for the needy is always a major problem to the community and the nation. Girl Scouts know this is important to the nation's strength and general welfare.

Every Girl Scout is familiar with the Kenova Region—and here is one of Kenova's fair cities, Dayton, Ohio:

DAYTON Girl Scouts contributed nickels for a Christmas Cheer party, to aid needy people recommended by Family Welfare and Catholic Charities. Healthy, normal recreation is a safety valve for healthy, normal lives.

GIRL SCOUT SERVICE BUREAUS

By
WILMA DOBIE



A red-letter city in Service Bureau work is Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland's work report reveals that during 1940, Girl Scouts of that city contributed some 26,391 hours of service. This would mean that a miracle Girl Scout, working steadily twenty-four hours a day, never taking time off even for lunch, would require three years and then some, to complete the work Cleveland Girl Scouts accomplished during 1940. But let's ask Cleveland to tell its own story. Come in, Cleveland:

CLEVELAND speaking: The 26,391 hours of service contributed by Cleveland Girl Scouts to their city include services donated to hospitals, public and private welfare organizations, homes for the aged, churches, public libraries, settlements, day nurseries, orphanages, and schools. Our agency and institution work has included the Red Cross, P. T. A. (nurseries, waiting on tables, health round-up), Association for Crippled and Disabled, School for Hard of Hearing, Institute for the Blind, and Mount Royal and Warrensville Sanitariums. Girl Scouts of Cleveland have placed special emphasis on community service; they have contributed vital work for maintenance of health and safety, community good will, and conservation. They are strengthening our nation's defense at home.

Now we'll hear from the Girl Scout Service Bureaus of the Dixie Region. Go ahead, Nashville:

At NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, Girl Scouts are assisting the Junior League Children's Theater by acting as doorkeepers and ushers. Every Saturday Girl Scouts plan an



GIRL SCOUTS HELP PACKAGE AND LABEL SEEDS FOR BRITAIN. LOWER LEFT: HUNDREDS OF CANS OF MILK WERE GIVEN BY TULSA SCOUTS TO THE BABIES MILK FUND

entertainment for convalescent children. They make holiday favors for trays of patients in charity wards.

Here's Little Rock, Arkansas:

One of the Service Bureau's chief enterprises at LITTLE ROCK is collecting spectacle frames and lenses for "Eyes for the Needy."

Region VI is named in honor of the Girl Scout founder. Coming in over the airways from the Juliette Low Region we hear from Greenville, South Carolina:

Girl Scouts here in GREENVILLE collected over four hundred pairs of children's shoes for Bundles for Britain, and scraps of material were gathered for the Old Ladies Home, where they were pieced into quilts by the ladies. Girl Scouts of Greenville know the importance of thrift in their nation's defense.

We hear next from Rocky Mount, North Carolina:

ROCKY MOUNT, reporting for the Girl Scouts: During the tobacco season Rocky Mount suffers from an acute servant problem, due to higher wages at the tobacco factories. The Girl Scout Service Bureau has made a big hit caring for small children. For several Sundays two Girl Scouts took charge of a small boy whose parents were newcomers. This gave the parents an opportunity to attend church. Girl Scouts have gone far toward contributing to Rocky Mount's welfare and thus strengthening their nation's welfare.

From the Great Lakes Region, Flint, Michigan tells of one of its Service Bureau activities:

Girl Scouts of FLINT are assisting the Art Institute in pasting and mounting prints. In our work for the British, we are gathering up clothing, making blankets from scrap yarn, and collecting tin helmets from the first World War.

From the States which make up the Covered Wagon Region, Denver, Colorado comes in over the airways:

Each Girl Scout of DENVER distributed four paper "good will" bags to neighbors and friends, who filled them with materials for Good Will industries. The following week Boy Scouts made the rounds to collect them.

Photograph by Paul Parker

And now a report from Wichita, Kansas:

The Brownie Girl Scouts of WICHITA have the distinction of doing the first volunteer work for the Community Chest appeal. They undertook to put strings in all the coat lapel tags to be awarded to donors of the 1940 Community Chest drive.

Here's Arlington, Texas in the Cactus Region:

Girl Scouts in ARLINGTON added a new method of raising British Relief funds. A college instructor, who had traveled much in England, owned colored slides that he had made during his travels. The instructor prepared an illustrated lecture and the Girl Scouts did the publicity. They charged five cents admission.

Region Ten includes Valley Springs, South Dakota. Come in, Valley Springs:

Girl Scouts of VALLEY SPRINGS came to the aid of two stricken girls in a near-by town, who were in need of an iron lung. They canvassed the town for financial aid. In another Service Bureau project, they helped clean the church basement and mowed the church lawn several times. Civic service is a direct defense contribution and means valuable experience for Girl Scouts.

From Region Eleven, we tune in on Osage, Wyoming:

The Intermediate troop of OSAGE has assumed, as part of its Service Bureau work, the duty of keeping the Community Hall in good condition. The girls also call for and deliver library books to patrons as a part of their work. Girl Scouts here, too, emphasize civic service for national defense.

In the Big Tree Region, Service Bureau work has taken root in every State that makes up this big section. Let's listen to Seattle, Washington:

Girl Scouts of SEATTLE made a city-wide collection of jams and jellies for one of the relief agencies. They have also gathered up toys and storybooks for children's homes and hospitals. Vacant lots and untidy streets have been spruced up by the busy hands of Girl Scouts in Seattle. Girl Scouts know that keeping the home and community up to normal standards is one of the best lines of defense.

(Continued on page 35)

JANEY ROUNDS A CORNER

who has been informed of the loss of the ticket for the collars. He saw it was useless to go on.

"That was it," said Mac, as he passed out of hearing. "That was why Janey shot off like a bullet when she saw him coming. Oh, Candy, she's terribly hurt. I just know she likes him, though she won't admit it—or why did she ask him to the Rout? And now she won't ask another boy, though I'll bet she would like to go with Tad. She's afraid she'll be turned down again."

"Vincent's a complete weasel," Candy said between her teeth. "He isn't worth the nail on her little toe, but if Janey likes him—he just *ought* to like her. If there were only something we could do."

"Hello, wretches!"

The blond head and the brown whipped about to face Tad Tyler.

"Oh, hullo," said Candy glumly. "Finished practicing?"

"Who," bellowed Tad, "is *Sylvia*?"

Mac and Candy declined to answer.

"Who is she-ee-ee?"

"Dead, I imagine," said Mac, "if she's been listening to you."

Tad dropped to the step below the girls, studied their unhappy faces for a moment, and then demanded, "Out with it! What's wrong? Tell your old Uncle Tad."

"Nothing," said Candy.

"Not so. You're practically drowning in your own tears."

His voice was teasing, but as Mac gazed at his face she saw friendliness there, and his eyes were serious. She made a sudden decision. Tad was a boy, and so understood the devious workings of the minds of other boys. Moreover, though he and Janey had engaged in never-ceasing warfare since both had joined their respective Scout organizations, he was genuinely fond of her.

"Tad," she said, "why did Vinnie Hale tell Janey he had to go away the night of the Rout, and then go and make a date for it with Darcy Hunter?"

"Well—" Tad looked at her earnestly—"you won't tell Janey, will you?"

"Promise."

"Okay, then. He told Pat Miller, and Pat told me, that he couldn't see really going out with Janey. He says she's a good egg and all that, to bat around with on picnics and to play games with, but she's out when it comes to parties and dances. I'll tell you something. A lot of the fellows feel that way. They think Janey isn't interested in going to parties because she never dresses up for them when they take her. The only time I ever saw her wear an evening dress, it was an awful pink thing that went with her hair like pickles with ice cream."

"But you know that's because Janey doesn't believe in getting 'all glamourd up' as she calls it. She wants to be liked for herself," Mac said hotly.

"Hey, don't take it out on me! I'm the innocent bystander. I'm only explaining Vinnie's attitude. Me, I'd still think she was more fun and had more pep than any girl I know, even if she wore burlap and shaved her head. But Vinnie's the kind who only sees the way a girl looks. If she wants him on her

string, you'd better find some way to get her to doll up a little."

The clangor of the first bell for afternoon classes interrupted him. He rose. "Back behind the bars. Well, mull over what I say."

"Tad!" Mac caught his arm as they started up the stairs. "Why don't you ask Janey to the Rout? If you're not going with anyone, I mean."

"I'm not. But what makes you think she'd go? She didn't ask me."

"Because, after Vinnie, she's afraid she might get turned down again. But don't you see—she's got to be there. He mustn't think he's the only one she could go with. Besides, she's crazy to go. Look how hard she's worked



"SHE'S CONDESCENDED TO ACCEPT," REPORTED TAD

over it. She argued and argued with the boys from the Scout band to play, so we could have real orchestra music instead of amplified records like we did last year, and she's planned all sorts of features for it. Besides, it's our most important social affair of the year. Cappy Carruthers is even getting a permanent for it, and she *loathe*s getting permanents—so you can see how big she feels it is."

"So you want me to play second fiddle for the Czar? Don't you suppose I know you girls all ask the boys you like best to this thing?" And Janey asked Vinnie.

"Oh, but you've been her pal from way back."

"You win, ma'am." He bowed mockingly and rushed on ahead.

"There! Wonderful!" cried Mac, dashing after him into the school. Candy had no time to ask just why it was so wonderful. She could see some merit in Janey's going with Tad, but why it should cause such elation on

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Mac's part was beyond her comprehension.

Later, however, she found her chance to ask. She and Mac were taking books from their lockers for Latin class, when Tad came by.

"She condescended to accept," he reported. "Jumped when I asked her, as though I'd caught her in the ribs with a speedball, but she recovered and accepted prettily."

Mac turned to Candy. "Now we'll show Mr. Vincent Hale."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll send Janey to that Rout looking so gorgeous that Hedy Lamarr would run away and cry if she caught sight of her. And she'll bowl Vinnie right over."

"But," protested Candy, "you know we can't make Janey look gorgeous. She won't let us. We can't."

"Yes, we can," cried Mac exultantly. "That's what Janey would say herself. You'll see. Something will turn up to help us."

Something did. At the next meeting of their troop in Yes-We-Can-House—the Girl Scout house which had taken its name from Janey's cry that had overcome the difficulties of getting it—a woman who wrote a series of articles on beauty for a metropolitan paper spoke to the girls on "Making the Most of Yourself." Janey listened politely, as she did to subjects that did not particularly interest her, but Mac and Candy listened intently. For "Making the Most of Yourself" or rather, "Making the Most of Janey," was a matter which had occupied all their spare thoughts since their conversation at the lockers.

Although the talk was helpful, it offered nothing really constructive until near the end, when the lecturer said, "And another feature of the fashion show which this group of girls presented was a coiffure contest. Each girl selected another girl to be her model and experimented with her hair until she found the style most becoming to her. On the day of the show she arranged the model's hair in this manner. The judges picked the winning style, not for elaborateness but rather for suitability to the particular girl who wore it. In this way—"

But Mac and Candy had ceased to listen and were making frantic, surreptitious signals that here was the answer.

Immediately at the close of the talk, they proposed a like contest as a feature of the Rout. Janey herself applauded it.

"I'm not good at that sort of stuff myself," she said, "and I'd make a terrible model, but I think it would be a grand idea. Look, all of you want to get your hair done, anyway. Think of the expense this will save you. Besides, it will be something entirely new and different."

The contest became a fact.

"Now I know what they mean by *deus ex machina*," said Mac the next noon, as they stood in line outside the cafeteria.

"Yes," agreed Candy, "but the really super-human task is ahead of us."

"We're coming to that."

They met Janey at their favorite table by the window. Mac at once leaped to the point. "Candy wants you to be her model," she announced calmly, buttering a date muffin.

"What!" Janey cried, stunned. "Oh, no. I couldn't possibly."

"Don't say that. You'll break Candy's heart. She's thought of the most scrumptious hairdo. Only it calls for red hair."

Candy—who had done no such thing—stifled a gasp and turned astonishment to eagerness. "I certainly have," she said.

"Mary Boyd has red hair."

"Not that fiery shade yours is."

"But nothing would look well on me," Janey protested. "I'm not the type."

"Never mind," said Candy gently. "I did want to try for that five-dollar prize the Commissioner said was being offered as first. Mother's birthday is next month and there's a vase she wanted—"

Janey gazed at a face that seemed quite genuinely woebegone. "If that's it," she said, "why didn't you say so in the first place? Anything, Comrade Jamison, for a friend."

Mac's foot touched Candy's ankle, indicating that the conspiracy was getting on.

"Yes, but I don't know what on earth to do with her hair," Candy cried when Janey had left them to catch up on her homework.

"It will come, it will come. Would Janey be stumped by such a situation? Well, we won't either. We'll think of something that will transform her like magic."

JANEY pirouetted before the mirror in the guest room of Candy's home, gazing at herself in amazement. The transformation was magical. She could hear a murmur of conversation from Mac and Candy, dressing in Candy's room. They were talking about her in pleased tones. The strange thing was she was not displeased with herself.

The large mirror in the closet door gave back an image she was unaccustomed to seeing, but there was no denying that it was an agreeable one. Her vivid hair had been made obedient and gloriously shining by endless brushing and curling on fingers. The style in which Candy had arranged it was the most attractive she could have found for Janey. A double row of soft, tiny, impish curls—what a battle it had been to cut them!—bordered her forehead in a modified bang and reached almost halfway to the back of her head. Behind them the hair was center-parted. It was brushed swirlingly up from her small ears, and ended at the back of her neck in a bunch of curls tied with a green velvet bow. In spite of her glasses, the bright agate of her eyes caught the lights of the green dress and retained some of the color for themselves. She had thought no girl could look pretty in spectacles, but now she realized that the transparent frames, blending with the tone of her skin, did not detract from her looks.

The dress had been the subject of another battle.

"What's the matter with the pink?" Janey had demanded. "I feel comfortable in it. Mother did offer to let me buy a new one for the Rout, but I told her I'd rather have the money for a new headlight and tool chest and a couple of other gadgets."

"The pink's the wrong shade for your hair," Candy persisted. "Now, Janey, you can do without those gadgets."

"Oh, all right," she conceded. "I'll go and pick one out after school to-morrow."

"But not without us," said Mac firmly. "You'd take the first thing on the rack, even if it was widow's weeds."

Janey had to confess that the dress they had chosen was just right. Of green net, it was a dream straight from fairyland. The fitted bodice and full skirt made her think of those



"They didn't want
me along..."

"TOO dead," Ruthie had overheard one of the boys say.

What's the matter with you, Ruthie? What's happened to your sparkle . . . your zing? Could it be you're not eating properly? Mighty important to eat right. Hard to sparkle if you don't have plenty of nourishing food . . . three meals a day . . . beginning with breakfast.

Not hungry at breakfast-time? Well, listen. You don't need to stow away a lumberjack's breakfast. Just float a big bowlful of Wheaties in cream. Slice a banana on top. Real nourishment in that breakfast! Wheaties are flakes of 100% whole wheat. With abundant food-energy (you need plenty,

to zing through a day). Good proteins. Vitamins, minerals.

Lots of mmmmmmm, too! Wheaties are crisp as an October morning. A wonderful toasty flavor. Tops with many a go-getter gal.

You don't want to miss out on the fun. So head for it . . . starting tomorrow . . . with a Wheaties breakfast!

Special offer! Get handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Yours for only 10c and one Wheaties box top. Offer good only until December 1, 1941. Send now to Wheaties, Dept. 970, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



A DAY OF FUN IS WELL BEGUN WITH
WHEATIES
MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT—"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

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graceful ladies she had made out of inverted hollyhock blooms, when she was younger.

Yes, there was no getting away from it, this altered Janey was a bewitching creature. As she turned now, observing her mirrored figure, she had to acknowledge to herself that she liked it. But she didn't want to like it. It was against her principles. She leaned back against the post of the bed and stared down at her green satin sandals.

The worry that had been nagging at her for the past few weeks had been one that she could not tell Mac and Candy. Perhaps that was because it was not well formulated even in her own mind. They had imagined she liked Vinnie Hale and was hurt because he had not accepted her invitation—and she had let them think it, although it was wrong. It was an easy way out.

The truth was that she did not particularly like Vinnie, but she had used him to test something she was coming to fear. And the thing she feared was that it was going to become necessary for her, if she wanted to attend certain affairs, to turn to frills. The boys she knew were glad to go on hikes with her, to ride horseback with her, to go fishing with her, to play tennis with her, but when it came to dances and evening parties, invitations were conspicuously absent. The boys' invitations went to girls who lavished attention on their hair and worried about whether this shade of blue went with their eyes and that neckline suited their faces.

"Love me not for comely grace, for my pleasing eye or face," she murmured now. This state of affairs made her unhappy. Something was wrong when you had to use appearance as bait to be asked to go places. Vincent's thin excuse had proved her fears—and although Tad had asked her, it had not lifted her spirit. She was certain he had acted out of some sort of misguided loyalty to an old pal.

"I've reached a corner in my life," she told herself now. "And I don't know what to do."

Mac appeared at the door. "The boys are here," she said. Janey sighed and picked up her white taffeta evening wrap.

Candy's coiffure did not win the prize—it took second place. The first went to Mary Boyd, who had arranged Darcy Hunter's pale blond locks in a medieval page-boy bob.

"But that doesn't matter one bit," Candy confided to Mac, in the alcove off the main room which they were using as a powder room to-night. "The chief thing is, it's working just the trick we wanted. Look!"

They peered through the curtain at the big, colorful room, with its low ceiling made of red and orange crepe paper streamers woven together, its decorations of bright autumn leaves and flowers, its crowd of whirling dancers. They saw Janey dance by, laughing, with Vincent Hale.

"He's been giving her a terrific rush all evening," said Mac a few moments later as they went back to powdering their noses. "Why, he's danced more with her than he has with Darcy."

"I guess we can take plenty of credit for our little plot," exulted Candy.

"Oh, so it was a plot!" They turned quickly, and there was Janey standing just inside the curtain.

Mac groaned. "You weren't ever to know."

"We just wanted to help you," Candy added.

"With what?" Janey demanded.

"With Vinnie Hale," said Mac miserably. There was no use hiding it now.

"Vinnie!" exclaimed Janey. "Why, Vinnie isn't worth squashing. That conceited blemish! Have you seen the way he's been treating Darcy to-night?"

"Oh," wailed Candy, "you don't like him? Then all our scheme didn't do any good. And now, I suppose, it's made you mad."

Janey didn't answer at once. She was remembering a scene during intermission, when she and Tad were standing by the refreshment table holding paper cups full of punch. Vincent Hale had sent an approving glance her way from across the room.

"Well," Tad had said, "I guess you got what you wanted all right, Janey."

"What?"

"Vinnie Hale tagging after you. Not that I

blame him. You sure look like the United States Treasury to-night."

Janey was about to make a biting retort. Vincent's attention had proved beyond a doubt that what she feared was true—that her company would only be sought by boys as long as she fished for them with good looks. But before she spoke, she glanced up and saw in Tad's face a look of admiration and pride.

Surprised at her own words, she said instead, "Thanks, Tad. But I didn't dress up for Vinnie."

His face lighted. "I certainly don't suppose you dressed up for me, but—well, if I thought you had, it sure would set me up. I'd be proud of you any time, Red, but I'm especially proud of you to-night. It makes a fellow feel pretty good when a girl he likes a lot thinks he's worth looking pretty for."

"And Tad is worth it," she thought now. "We fight a lot and he's an awful tease, but he's one of the best friends I have. He's different from most boys. He's real."

"Why," her thoughts went on, "that's it! That's the answer to the problem. It is something you owe to a boy you honestly like and one who's a real friend to you—making yourself look pretty, I mean. It's one way you can pay him back for what he does for you. It doesn't mean that when you play tennis with him, or go fishing, you have to look like a movie star, but it does mean that when he takes you places where other girls will be looking beautiful, you should make the best of yourself. He ought to be able to be especially proud of you."

"You are mad!" Mac broke into her thoughts. "Honestly, Janey, we didn't mean—"

Janey grimmed her old, sparkling, merry, mischievous grin and threw an arm about the shoulders of each of her friends. "You pair of geese! I'm not mad, not one bit. I'm glad you did it. You're real helps, you two. You've done an awful lot for me."

"I don't see what—now," sighed Candy.

"You've got me around a difficult corner," Janey told them. Then she laughed and went out, leaving them staring at each other completely mystified.

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any phase of food service include the ability to get along well with people, excellent health, a good head for business, attractive personality, and above all, a sense of humor. Naturally, in such a broad field there will be wide variety in salaries, which range from less than one thousand dollars a year to a top that may be in five figures if you are the owner of a successful restaurant, or other food business.

Dietitian

The hospital dietitian will have the following duties: buying supplies, food, and equipment; directing assistants; planning therapeutic diets; serving special diets and test meals; checking reports from the laboratories; making case histories based on effects of diets; teaching dietetics to nurses; working with doctors; supervising the nurses' dining room, and so on. Her work may include that of institution manager, as well, and for this she will need executive ability in addition to her specialized training. Salaries may not seem large in such positions—eighteen hundred dollars a year is an average salary—but maintenance (food and lodging) is usually included, so this amount represents much more than first appears.

Writing

If a home economics graduate has skill in writing, in addition to the other general qualifications we've mentioned, she may find a place in journalism, or in free-lance writing. Newspapers sometimes employ trained home economists to edit their women's pages. The best way to prepare for such a position is by taking all the English composition courses available in high school and college—and to write, write, write! Practice writing about household matters—and if you fail to place your articles, you might try to secure a newspaper job through beginning with a minor clerical position in a newspaper office. For this you must learn to type, file, operate an office machine, or take dictation. If you finally work your way in, there may be a possibility of your climbing to a position on the woman's page. That is, if you are good.

Then, too, there are women's magazines where the home economics graduate with writing ability may be fortunate enough to find a position. But again, it may be only a minor one at first. Editorial work on a woman's magazine may require skill in testing appliances, as well as good judgment and critical ability. All the household gadgets

that are described in newspapers and magazines pass through a careful testing process before they are written up.

Advertising copy writing is another line of work for the home economics graduate who aspires to a writing career. Department stores, manufacturers, and advertising agencies often employ a home economist to write copy that will have a special appeal to feminine consumers. The woman who holds this job may prepare interesting looking foods for photographs to illustrate articles, advertising and publicity bulletins. Good cooking and the formulating of exact recipes are essential here.

In Writing, as in Food Service, the salary range may be wide. The free-lance writer may average far less than a thousand dollars a year, while the editor of a woman's magazine may have an income in five figures. Persistence and enthusiasm are necessary qualifications for the writer in home economics, in addition to her training and writing skill.

Teaching

What about opportunities for teachers of home economics? An apt question, indeed, when we realize that almost two thirds of each year's graduates in this field go into teaching. Someone has given these girls

sound advice, because teaching should give them the kind of experience which will be helpful in securing the types of positions we have described. Indeed, one writer has declared that teaching is the first step to success on any ladder in home economics. Why should this be so? It is because teaching gives excellent experience in dealing with boys and girls, with men and women in social and community activities, and, above all, in learning how to work with others. Good teachers of home economics are in demand. This we can prove by figures, which show that in only four per cent of our cities is the supply of home economics teachers greater than the demand.

Teaching home economics in high school may be fun in these days of splendidly equipped buildings. Girls—and boys as well—are eager to learn how to cook, how to serve properly, how to behave at parties, and so on. The teacher in this field not only teaches cooking and sewing, but guides her pupils' behavior. She'll find satisfaction in noticing how the manners of her boys and girls improve.

A degree in home economics from a college or technical school is usually required for high school teaching in this field; a Master's degree is necessary for promotion or salary increases—and certainly study beyond the Bachelor's degree will be expected. If your aim is teaching home economics, and you have the qualifications and the persistence, you will be wise to plan ahead for a Ph.D. Then you will be equipped for a college teaching position and may reach heights beyond anything we have described so far, save perhaps in business or writing. The woman who reaches a professorship in a specialized phase of home economics, or becomes head of a department in a large university, will be at the top of her profession. And if this includes the opportunity of teaching other teachers, she will be able to pass on the wealth of her experience to countless persons she could never have reached herself.

If you are seriously interested in teaching and are fond of biography, you will enjoy reading *The Life of Ellen H. Richards*, written by her friend, Caroline Hunt. The experiences of this woman, who was the first scientific homemaker, will give an inspiring picture of early days in this field. Here, too, you will be introduced to the many possibilities that await you if you choose the research phase of home economics.

Research

For the girl who enjoys chemistry and thinks she would like to be a laboratory technician, we recommend research in home economics. Research in food and nutrition has been going on steadily since the days of Ellen Richards's early experiments. Just think for a moment what has been discovered about calories and vitamins—and especially the recent discovery of a vitamin that is being used to nourish the starving mothers and children of unoccupied France. When a five-gallon can goes across in a clipper, it means the saving of thousands of lives. A scientifically minded girl—you yourself, perhaps—might one day make such a contribution to the welfare of mankind.

Jobs with Uncle Sam

There is much to be done in discovering new ways to improve home life, despite all the efforts of Uncle Sam in this direction. Especially is this true in housing research and in the testing of clothing and textiles.

(Continued on page 35)

'TAIN'T IN TEXTBOOKS!



Girls everywhere are sending for the new free booklet that gives you the answers to your intimate questions!

■ Are you sometimes puzzled about what to do . . . and not to do . . . on certain days of the month? Could you use some up-to-date advice about dancing, bathing, hiking, tennis, swimming, and social contacts?

Then send today for the new booklet "*As One Girl To Another*" and learn the latest rules!

You'll find this new handbook of do's and don't's gives you the kind of accurate information every girl needs to know. And, in addition, it contains a special, eighteen-month calendar for a girl to record her periods.

So don't wait . . . be the first girl in your block to read this interesting, helpful booklet. Just mail the coupon below.

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

LAND OF ICE AND STEAM

When, early last July, American forces reached Iceland to add their strength to British troops and seamen already there, they found themselves in one of the oddest, most interesting regions ever to be patrolled by our soldiers, sailors, and Marines. The island they were to help defend against possible seizure by Hitler is, they discovered, a land of striking contrasts and stark but inspiring scenery.

Bleak, rugged, almost treeless, covered in part by a hundred and twenty glaciers and



by lava that has flowed from more than a hundred volcanoes, Iceland is nevertheless fertile enough to give pasture to sheep, cattle, and small, hardy horses. Though close to three quarters of it is uninhabited, our men learned, it sustains a population of about a hundred and ten thousand people. The southwest corner alone, warmed by the Gulf Stream and by hot springs, shelters, a town of some forty thousand.

This town, Reykjavik (pronounced Ray-kyah-veek, with the accent on the first syllable) is Iceland's capital and the island's only good seaport. To-day its streets are thronged by British and American soldiers on leave. There are more than eighty thousand of these troops based on the island, but its inhabitants go their own traditional ways, mingling little with the visitors. Proud of their history, proud of the fact that theirs is the oldest republic in the world—their Parliament dates from 930 A. D.—they hold to the fishing, the farming, the herding which have been the chief business of Icelanders since their Viking ancestors first settled there in the year 874. Iceland's women still love to wear the traditional native costume on gala occasions. (The sketch shows this attractive national dress.)

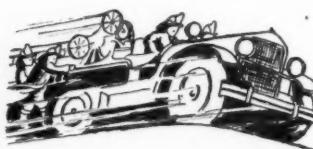
Some hostile criticism has been leveled at the sending of American forces to this land of ice and volcanic fire. But our men went there at the invitation of the island's government and they are to leave after the war is over and the victory won. It's not that the United States is reaching out, but rather that the world—in our age of speed and totalitarian conquest—is closing in.

DEFEND AGAINST FIRE

It will take you perhaps a little less than two minutes to read this short article. In that time, property worth about eleven hundred dollars will have gone up in smoke, somewhere in the United States, and two buildings will have caught on fire.

Such continuing destruction—with flames, smoke, and fumes claiming an average of one human life an hour—has long been a national disgrace. Lately, instead of decreasing, fire losses and fire deaths have tended to mount, so statisticians warn us. But the country is in no mood to take it lying down. Local and national organizations are joining in a drive to make Fire Prevention Week—October fifth to eleventh—a time of acute public awareness of "red dangers."

What are the main causes of fires? The leader on a dismal list is "Carelessness with matches and smoking materials." Hundreds of thousands of little thoughtless acts, every year, result in a startling total of losses, injuries, deaths—for example, leaving matches in wooden boxes within children's reach instead of in metal containers and in safe places



where small hands cannot get at them. Smoking in bed is another outstanding cause. So is throwing matches away without making sure they are no longer burning, or smoldering. In general a good rule is: Use safety matches of a dependable make rather than strike-anywhere matches. Always see to it that sparks and hot ashes from cigarettes, pipes, and cigars fall into ash-trays, not on things that can burn.

Here are some *don'ts* and *do's* from fire chiefs of various cities:

Never do any kind of cleaning with fluids such as gasoline, benzine, or naphtha. Their vapors can be deadly explosives and may be ignited even by the friction of rubbing clothes together. Don't leave oily or paint-smudged rags or mops in closets where they may start fires through spontaneous combustion. Keep them in closed metal containers, or wash them and hang them out to dry. Unless your electrical pressing iron, or other electrical appliance, has an automatic shut-off to keep it from overheating, always pull out the plug before leaving the room.

If your clothes accidentally catch fire, don't run—that will fan the flames. Get down on

the floor and roll yourself in a rug, or a blanket. Gather the rug tightly around your neck to protect your face and hair. Never try to put fire out with anything made of cotton, for cotton burns readily.

If flames begin their work it will be too late to plan. So plan *now* what you and your family would do in case of fire.

Experts tell us that more than seventy-five per cent of all our fire losses are preventable. In these days of growing realization that wastefulness means weakness in national defense, Americans should be sharply and regretfully aware that ours is still a country where we burn money and throw human lives away.

SOLDIERS AND STOMACHS

Feeding one man in the way he likes is something of a problem, as many a wife will testify. And if you multiply that problem by a million and a half, you'll have, it would seem, an overwhelming dilemma. Yet such wholesale feeding is no dilemma to our new army's culinary department.

The truth is that army "chow," traditionally none too good, has changed so completely it would hardly know itself. Imagine the feelings of a selectee who arrives at camp expecting to eat chiefly hardtack, "canned horse," and potatoes. Here's his first breakfast: an orange, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, French toast, coffee, milk. For midday dinner he has, perhaps, tomato soup, roast turkey (sometimes it's roast duckling, or chicken, or steak) a lettuce-and-tomato salad, creamed peas, buttered spinach, ice cream. Supper brings him stewed fruit, roast beef, French fried potatoes, carrots, apple pie, coffee, or milk. At any meal a soldier of Uncle Sam's may have a second helping if he wants it.

Is it any wonder the selectee is ready to



tell the world that army chow is swell? Or that the average selectee has gained almost twelve pounds since reaching camp?

Rather startlingly, it all costs the Quartermaster Corps less than fifteen cents per meal.

There's an old saying, "An army travels on its stomach." If this is true, our army should be able to travel fast and far.

REGIONAL ROLL CALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

And now comes Oakland, California:

Brownies of OAKLAND have set the pace in Service Bureau activity in this city. They have made napkin rings, bookmarks, and articles for the Junior Red Cross, and have arranged plants in painted tin containers and boxes. Older Girl Scouts have collected toys for a Toy Loan, and baby garments, clothing, and blankets for the British Relief.

Our Regional Roll Call has taken us from coast to coast, from Maine to Texas, and still we haven't completed the Service Bureau cross section! For in the sunny, pineapple land of Hawaii, Girl Scout Service Bureau work has hit a high in accomplishment and Hawaiian troops are top-ranking in endeavor. So now we will take you to Hawaii, also in the Big Tree Region:

This is HAWAII speaking: Girl Scouts have supervised children's playgrounds, eradicated rat harborage and mosquito breeding places. Older Girl Scouts have assisted at clinics and dispensaries—Baby Clinic aid, helped with typhoid shots and whooping cough inoculations. On Easter, Christmas, and Thanksgiving they have delivered baskets. Other projects have included mending church hymnals and painting screens for the Maui Aid Free Kindergarten.

Now that we have completed the Roll Call, North, South, East, and West, this is Station GSSB signing off.

SO THERE it is, bird's-eye view of the Girl Scout Service Bureaus throughout the United States and Hawaii. These are the answers Girl Scouts have given to the question, "What can I do to help in national defense?" Perhaps the services mentioned are not the spectacular ones some of you had anticipated; but if we seriously consider our problem, it is not the spectacular that is important now, but rather the maintaining of healthy, normal lives in a topsy-turvy world. Thus, while there is to-day a new emphasis in Girl Scout training, we realize that all these direct, constructive contributions to our nation's defense are integral parts of the Girl Scout program.

HOME ECONOMICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Although positions are available to the research specialist in agricultural and private colleges, in industry, in department stores and advertising agencies, the best chance for such a specialist may be with Uncle Sam. The Bureau of Home Economics of the U.S. Department of Agriculture for almost two decades has been making scientific studies of food and nutrition, of textiles and clothing, of housing and household equipment. Here may be the best opportunity of all to help in raising living standards throughout the nation. Human conservation is the ultimate goal of this bureau. "Its aim is to check human erosion, through making available to the home-maker the results of research that she may use in dealing with the problems of daily life."

Federal or State extension work may be a possibility for you. Home demonstration agents and home economics specialists for

To Modern Red Riding Hoods



You may never have to carry cranberry jelly through a dark woods and meet a fierce wolf in your grandmother's nightcap.

But, if you had to run from a wolf (four-legged or two) you could run better in Official Girl Scout Shoes.

If you want shoes that look smarter with a red hood, or whatever you wear on your head this season, you'll get it in Official Girl Scout Shoes.

In other words, smart girls—secretaries or Scouts, college girls or teachers—are finding in Official Girl Scout Shoes exactly what they've been looking for in a low-heeled service shoe.

Look at Official Girl Scout Shoes

You will see the styles your eye okays for the great out-of-doors or out-of-doors in town.

Put on Official Girl Scout Shoes and you will feel that "best friend" fit.

Their fine leather holds its shape. Their linings stay smooth and unwrinkled—easy on your feet.

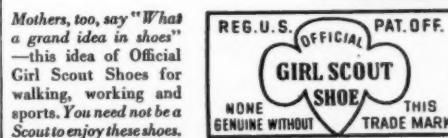
Better retailers sell Official Girl Scout Shoes. Sizes 2½ to 10. Widths AAAA to D. \$5.45 and \$5.95. (Some patterns in sizes 10½ to 12 at \$6.95.) Drop in and see how smart they are.

Official Girl Scout Shoes are made only by CURTIS-STEVENS-EMBRY CO., Reading, Pa., and BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

BOGEY—A trim combination of brown and white elk, with popular mocassin vamp.



SKOKIE—Smart moccasin pattern in that popular tan saddle leather.



Look for this stamp in Official Girl Scout Shoes

\$5.45 and \$5.95

OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOES

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EARN
MORE
MONEY!**

**WITH THIS SENSATIONAL
Treasure Chest
GIRL SCOUT COOKIE
SALES PLAN!**

This year, 20.5% more Girl Scout organizations increased Council and Troop funds with the Treasure Chest plan. New, as well as experienced groups, increased sales 36%. Investigate this self-working plan for your group now!

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More than 662 Girl Scout organizations are now using this easy, sure-fire Treasure Chest plan. Girl Scout earnings are increasing annually. Send the coupon below now for detailed information. Learn about new radio ideas, publicity booklets, and other literature that tell you how you, too, can earn extra Girl Scout Funds.

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Cookies offered in this plan are high quality—approved by National Headquarters. All cookies embossed with official Girl Scout Trefoil Insignia.

PROMPT SERVICE

Fresh cookies are important to your success. You get prompt delivery from your nearest bakery, at:

Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
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Dallas, Texas
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Kansas City, Mo.
Memphis, Tenn.
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To registered councils or troops. An outline of this plan will be sent you without obligation.

IMPORTANT: This plan is offered ONLY to councils and troops REGISTERED with National Headquarters.



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GRENNAN BAKERIES, Inc.
General Office — 844 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.
Send us complete details about making money with the Grennan Girl Scout Cookie Plan. We are Registered Scouts. This coupon does not obligate us in any way.

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Your name _____

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City _____ State _____

many years have aided rural families in solving problems of nutrition, home gardening, child care and training, health and sanitation, and the like. This is accomplished through series of public meetings, by visiting individual homes, or in office consultations. And there is work with the 4-H Clubs in helping rural boys and girls to raise poultry, make their own clothes, help with housework on the farm, improve health, and so on.

A new and growing type of work with Uncle Sam is that of home economist for the Farm Credit Administration. More than six hundred thousand families are now being guided by home and farm supervisors in finding their way back to self-support. The home economist helps in making a workable budget, in solving other problems of home management, and in developing community activities which will improve morale. For this job of leading low income farmers toward the goal of independence, a home economist must have a sincere interest in rural people, be resourceful and optimistic, and have leadership qualities which will inspire confidence and arouse initiative in others. Write to the U. S. Civil Service Commission for information about Government positions open to the home economics graduate.

Social Work

To-day welfare agencies realize that home economists are needed to keep staff workers informed about nutrition, ways of stretching relief funds, child care and development, and so on. If you are interested in social work and can afford training in both fields, there will be a splendid opportunity for service. As we noted before, Federal funds from the Social Security Act are being used to furnish consultation service in home economics.

Salaries will probably never be large in this field. A beginner usually receives fifteen hundred dollars a year, and may be advanced to twenty-four hundred dollars a year. In

some of the public health positions the rate of pay may be higher, and administrative positions may reach five thousand dollars a year.

THROUGH this survey of opportunities in the field of home economics, our aim has been to give you a few ideas about the kinds of work certain positions involve, the qualifications necessary, and the amount of training that is required for success. Don't be discouraged if you think you cannot afford a full college course. To be sure, a four-year course is basic in almost every field, but it will be worth your while to investigate the possibilities of earning your way through college.

Unless you must start earning your living on graduation from high school, we suggest the following plan: learn to type, operate an office machine, or take any other course offered in high school which will fit you for clerical work. Then see what you can do about earning your way through college, if there is no other way. What if it does take a year longer? Isn't that better than trying to wedge into a highly specialized profession without proper qualifications? There are short courses for dietitians and laboratory technicians, but these will not qualify you for the top jobs.

Suppose your parents can afford to send you through college—is there anything else you can do now? Indeed there is! Try yourself out in your mother's kitchen, or ask her to let you share in the management of the home. If you fail in this, it might be better for you to consider another type of work, for failure here would probably show that you are not suited by nature to this field. But if you succeed in your efforts in your own home, the chances are that you have the right career in mind for yourself. In that case, work hard at your science courses in school—chemistry particularly. Let the pots and pans, the test tubes and Bunsen burners, help you make a start in your chosen profession.

BONNY DUNDEE

Jock was too stunned to answer. This great gentleman, this Viscount Dundee who so attracted him, was then no other than John Graham of Claverhouse, the terrible legend of the Scots countryside! He was the detested "Bloody Claverhouse," the man who had burned houses and lands, and hunted the saints to their deaths because they refused to obey the Stuart kings and went on worshipping God their own way. This great black horse must be the demon horse that men said the Evil One himself had given Claverhouse to bind their bargain. The broad breast under the steel corselet, like any soldier's, was the one that was charmed so that none but a blessed silver bullet could wound it.

Claverhouse was speaking. "Is this the bairn Andrew christened for me? He's like his father."

"There's been fire and blood enough to wash out that christenin', John Graham that my master loved—and that brought his house to ruin."

"Your master," Dundee said sternly, "would have given you the lash for speaking so. But you speak in loyalty to a man I, too, loved, and whose kin I have sought. I would not have my godson hate me. Young John Kennedy, I am joyed to find you, even in such poor case—though I myself may be in worse before long. Does your mother still live?"

"Aye, sir," Jock said.

"Then say to Lilius Kennedy for me, and

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

believe for yourself," said Graham of Claverhouse, "that on my honor before God and my king, I had no part nor lot in the burning of her home, or the attainting of her house and lands."

Jock studied the face of the man before him. "I do believe it," he said at last.

Allan grunted. "Well, ye never lied, Clavers. Who was it, then?"

"Graham of Lag, in command of part of my men while I was elsewhere with Monmouth," Claverhouse answered briefly.

"Then forgive me, my lord," Allan said. He turned to Jock. "Ye can go on making your bit tune if ye like, laddie."

"You were making a laddie, young John?" demanded Dundee.

Jock flushed, but he said manfully, "You looked so gallant riding by, my lord, that there came to me a tune and words to it."

Pleased, Dundee smiled. "Aye? Play it, then."

Jock lifted the tarnished flute that had hung from his hand. But before he had played three notes, the noble interrupted him. "Where got you that?" he demanded.

"My father's men found it after Bothwell fight and, thinking it his, brought it to my mother," Jock said. "We never knew more of it, but there were Tudor roses on the case that held it and the rest of the set, so we thought some Englishman must have dropped it near him, overriding the stricken field."

"Where is the case?" the nobleman asked. "In my plack," Allan put in. He reached around and fished a shabby case from the bags dangling behind him. The thing had been beautiful, but it had seen hard wear. One end bore the marks of a puppy's teeth; the gold lock had been forced by a cutting tool and repaired; a spot of candle grease had been scraped off one side; there was a stain that might have come from lying in a pool of wine on a tavern table; and a dent as if a hasty hand had thrown it against something hard. Truly the case had been in strange places for so richly stamped and gilded a thing—for it bore an exquisite design of gilded, four-petaled roses. In its center was the crowned monogram HR.

"'Tis the one I thought," Dundee said.

Allan remarked sourly, "There's no bellman to call losings and findings on a stricken field."

Dundee laughed. "The same old croaking devil," he said. "Be still, Allan. The Englishman who lost this case at Bothwell Brig fight was James of Monmouth; and it is the set of recorder flutes that were made for Tudor Henry, and played by nigh every royal musician since. Monmouth's father, Charles, who could deny him nothing, must have lent him these to carry off and lose. I have heard Princess Mary, that's the wife of William of Orange now, lament them a dozen times. She and her sister Anne had each been promised them by their uncle Charles, they said. 'Twas a pretty quarrel—till Monmouth lost the flutes, he never knew where."

"Clavers," said Allan, "I would not vex ye further, but will ye not stop talkin' o' flutes and princes' quarrels, and tell me if ye can help your godson to his rightful place again?"

"It is of that I speak," Dundee answered. "Do you not know that William of Orange and his wife, Mary, have been called to the English throne, and the rightful king, James Stuart, exiled to France?"

"Ye're not for a Papist king, surely, even if he be a Stuart? Ye're not for a man that would tie Britain to the French king's wagon wheels?" the blind man begged.

"I was for my king when he bade me burn and slay in my own land," Lord Dundee replied, with steel in his voice. "Shall I cease to give him loyal service when it is but my own body and estates that are at stake?"

"Ye mean the Lords of Convention have outlawed ye?"

"Aye, for the moment," Dundee answered. Allan cried out on him. "Oh, lad, I that have known ye since ye and my master were two . . . old pages together—scarce as old as Jock here—beg ye not to cling to the man James Stuart. No Stuart yet, not even bonny Mary, ever stood to their own servants. Never throw away life and lands for a lost cause."

Dundee laughed. "Not a lost cause while I have a sword," he said. "But listen to me, Allan, and you, too, godson. I have small time; take heed. Your case of flutes is a trinket that may get the Kennedy lands back. Meet me in a half hour at the Black Bear Inn. I will have two things there for you; a purse that will carry you to the English court, and a letter to Mary and wee William."

"A letter to the king?" Jock gasped. "A letter to the Prince of Orange and his wife, who wrongfully hold the throne, but whom I served of old," Dundee corrected. "Between the joy of Mary at getting back the flutes, and William's knowledge of one whom he asked a month back to be high in his own service, it will be strange if Andrew Ken-

(Continued on page 39)



Get away from that phonograph— and DANCE

"Hey, I planned this party just so you could meet the gang and have fun. And you hide in a corner!"

"I know. But Gwen, really, I can't dance! Not tonight!"

"Not dance! Don't you like my crowd?"

"Oh, they're tops. But—well—just between ourselves, it's one of those times I'm so uncomfortable I hate to move."

"So! Maybe I can help. Didn't you ever hear of Modess?"

"Sure. It's a sanitary napkin."

"Yes . . . but what a sanitary napkin. Come upstairs with me, quick. I'll introduce you to comfort that'll help you enjoy this party the way you really should. C'mon!"

Saying Good Night

"I'm going to like living here, Gwen. The kids are swell."

"You're pretty nice yourself—once you relax!"

"That reminds me. Thanks for Modess. Gosh it's soft."

"You bet. You know something . . . in Erie, Pa., 1036 women made a softness

test. They were asked to feel two unidentified napkins and say which was softer. One was a leading brand of 'layer-type' napkin and the other was Modess, the 'fluff-type' napkin. All these women were users of the 'layer-type' napkin. Yet 870 out of the 1036 said, 'Modess is softer.' "

"That doesn't surprise me now! I guess it's the 'fluff' filler that makes Modess feel so extra comfortable. And that extra comfort sure makes a girl feel serene."

"You said it. Modess makes you feel safe, too. Read the pamphlet in the box."

"I will. I'm switching to Modess for good!"

"Atta girl. It comes in two sizes. Regular and Junior—the narrower pad."

"I'll remember. From now on, it's Modess—every time!"

Modess wins in
"Softness Test"



**"PIGTAILS, BUCK-TEETH
AND FRECKLES..."**

I had 'em all



"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick...TANTEE NATURAL. And I've used TANTEE NATURAL ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."



"ON MY WEDDING DAY I gave each of my bridesmaids a beauty kit...a Tantee Natural Lipstick, the harmonizing rouge, and their own correct shade of Tantee Face Powder. To each of them Tantee Natural Lipstick gave a different lip color."



"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tantee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tantee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much more lipstick than before!"

TANTEE
Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Lub Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tantee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
 Peach Light Rachel Dark Rachel Flesh
 Rachel Tan

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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

DIVE BOMBER. This film is really about flight surgeons and their job of keeping aviators "in the air" through intensive research in aviation medicine. It tells specifically of the experiments leading to preventive treatment for "blackout," which dive bombers suffer when plummeting to earth, and for altitude sickness. Made with the cooperation of the U. S. Navy, it is one of the most highly informative entertainment films yet produced. The subject is a fascinating one and the technicolor photography makes the unusual flying scenes memorable. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, and the whole cast seem to be doctors and aviators rather than actors. Technically the film is a superb achievement. (Warners)

Good

FATHER TAKES A WIFE. A delightfully gay comedy of a man (Adolphe Menjou) who decides to retire and marry a beautiful actress (Gloria Swanson). This shocks his staid son and daughter-in-law (John Howard, Florence Rice). The efforts of Miss Swanson, and later Miss Rice, to further the career of a singer (Desi Arnaz) make both husbands unite in jealousy. All ends happily after much fun. (RKO)

FLYING BLIND. An amusing action film with a dash of sabotage and romance. Richard Arlen and Jean Parker are pleasing. (Para.)

INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON. Thrilling air scenes, and combat as well as flight, add interest to an exciting film of a pilot who ferries a bomber to England and remains to join the air force. Ronald Reagan plays the pilot; the late James Stephenson his superior. Both are excellent. (Warners)

INTERNATIONAL LADY. Scotland Yard, in the person of Basil Rathbone, and an equally debonair representative of the FBI (George Brent) disagree verbally, but work together smoothly, on a plot involving sabotage to bombers being flown across the Atlantic. Ilona Massey is a beautiful concert singer who transmits information to the saboteurs through the special phrasing of her songs over the air. Expert direction, good performances, and an exciting plot, with the violence kept off-stage, make this an unusually enjoyable espionage film. (U.A.)

LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY. Having a more serious interlude in Andy's life to depict, the picture courageously departs from sure-fire comedy in which we constantly laughed at Andy and makes us share with him some of the tragedy of growing up. Mickey Rooney, too, reflects this maturity in his playing so that Andy's strength of character and innate fitness are entirely convincing. Andy can't make up his mind whether to go to college in the fall or start in at once on a business career, so he tries job-hunting in New York during the summer as a preliminary test. Betsy Booth (Judy Garland) lives there, you remember, and yearns over Andy in amusing sub-deb fashion. In addition to the rigors of job-hunting and facing tragedy in the death of a friend, Andy catches the interest of that occasional product of modern city life, the girl without morals but with a code of good sportsmanship. This latter blinds Andy, and only through Judge Hardy's timely and delicately worded warning and the precocious fixing of Betsy is he brought to see the girl's real nature. Played with restraint by Patricia Dane, the incident becomes an integral part of the education of Andy Hardy rather than extraneous sophistication. (MGM)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH. Bob Hope romps through this thrice-told-tale of the bankrupt stockbroker who bets \$10,000 that he can tell the unvarnished truth for 24 hours. To add to his nervousness, his funds consist of charity money, given him by Paulette Goddard to double in three days so the hospital can start building. With three friends splitting the bet and staying by

his side to help him lose it, Hope gets into plenty of tight places. Most of the action takes place on a houseboat, the bedrooms of which are about as private as Grand Central Station, but there's only farcical use made of the situations so that they aren't offensive. (Para.)

PARACHUTE BATTALION. This is a curiously static film despite the fact that it is all action—and thrilling action, too, for it consists of steps in the training of parachute troops and a final brilliant display of mass jumps in simulated warfare. But the four main characters are somewhat too obviously typed. There's the braggart (Robert Preston); the commander's son (Edmond O'Brien) who has been brought up by his mother and enlists to prove to his doubting self that he's as good a soldier as his father; the good natured farm boy who takes things as they come (Buddy Ebsen); and the one who in the end can't "take it" (Richard Cromwell). Harry Carey is the hard-fisted, upright training sergeant and Nancy Kelly, his daughter. Though it lacks pace the film is always interesting. (RKO)

SIX-GUN GOLD. On a visit to a gold-mining district, Tim Holt finds an impostor posing as his brother. Tim restores identities in true Western fashion. (RKO)

STORY OF THE VATICAN, THE. A pictorial pilgrimage to Vatican City narrated by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, whose work is familiar to many through his Catholic Hour broadcasts. (RKO)

SUN VALLEY SERENADE. With incredibly beautiful Sun Valley, Idaho, as background this film—even without its amusing story, engaging performances, and exquisite skating sequences—would be something one shouldn't miss. Sonja Henie is lovely as the refugee from Norway, sponsored by a band for publicity purposes although they expect her to be a child. John Payne is the band leader, engaged to a sultry singer (Lynn Bari). Sonja falls in love with John and, with all the guile of the innocent, sets about winning him from his fiancée. This is played for ludicrous comedy rather than "vamping" and the film is as funny as it is beautiful. (Fox)

TANKS A MILLION. Hilarious musical about a draftee who, instead of being dumb, is too bright for the comfort of his superiors. (U.A.)

TILLIE THE TOILER. This is an amusing screen adaptation of the comic strip, with a newcomer, Kay Harris, doing very nicely as beautiful but dumb and well-meaning Tillie. (Col.)

UNDER FIESTA STARS. Gene Autry inherits a mine and a ranch, but half interest is held by a girl (Carol Hughes) from the East, who has to learn who can be trusted and who can't in the ranch country. (Rep.)

WHISTLING IN THE DARK. The attractive personality of Red Skelton, as well as a highly ingenious plot, lift this murder mystery into top entertainment. Skelton is a writer of radio mystery programs. He is kidnapped by the leader (Conrad Veidt) of a religious cult racket and forced to devise a foolproof method of murdering an heir who stands between Veidt and a huge bequest. (MGM)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Good

DIVE BOMBER. Exciting and too long except for aviation enthusiasts.

FLYING BLIND

LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY

PARACHUTE BATTALION

SIX-GUN GOLD

STORY OF THE VATICAN, THE

SUN VALLEY SERENADE

TANKS A MILLION

TILLIE THE TOILER

UNDER FIESTA STARS

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

BONNY DUNDEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

nedy's son has not back his lands and heirship within a twelvemonth."

Jock cried out, "Oh, my lord, how can I thank you?"

"There's no cause for thanks, lad. My own bairn died—you're next closest by all custom. And now I have much to do. Each cavalier who loves honor and me must be summoned to follow his king's banner, though all the Lords of Convention in this Whiggish city say us nay." He waved a gauntleted hand, swung himself into the saddle, and went clattering down the muddy, cobbled street.

Jock looked after him, drawing a long breath. "There's naught I can do to repay him." Then his eyes fell on the flute he still held in his hand. "Aye, there's one thing. I can go on with my ballad. Listen, Allan!"

He played the tune he had been making. Then he sang the words that had come to him with Dundee's remark:

*"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the King's crown go down there are
crowns to be broke,
"Then each cavalier that loves honor and
me
"Let him follow the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee!"*

"Tis a bonny tune, an' the very words he spoke," Allan answered. "Alas, Jock lad, 'tis a gallant faith to give an evil cause." Then he returned to more practical matters. "Twill take us all of the half hour to win to the Black Bear Inn. Come your ways."

Jock shouldered the harp again. With Allan's hand on his shoulder, he led the way down the street toward the tavern.

Edinburgh was more and more astir. The bells rang wildly still. There were troops filing by, there were armored horsemen galloping recklessly through the narrow streets, the roll of the drums pursued the newcomers. The townsfolk, fierce-eyed and intent, bonnets pulled low, plaids wrapped tight against the sharp wind, milled about, heedless of the mud splashed by the riders against their bare legs or knitted hose. Here and there a blue-cloaked beggar like Allan, or a clinking man-at-arms, shoved through the press, privileged. As the harper and his boy came nearer the Black Bear Inn the crowd was thicker. None but such as they could have gained to the tavern door, through the crowd that muttered ominously the name of Bloody Clavers. Edinburgh, it was plain to see, was predominantly in favor of the Protestant King William.

"Look about, Jock—is Dundee nigh?" Allan whispered. "I can hear the noise of a troop o' horse. Twill be him, likely. Give me the harp, lad. We'll be let stay here if we give the folk a song."

The crowd murmured louder now. It began to sound like a mob. As Jock found Allan a place beneath the tavern porch, one man, waving his mug, was shouting, "Never let Bloody Clavers and his men out o' the West Port!"

"Ye're right," another shouted back. "He might win the Papist Stuarts back, with that devil's horse and devil's cunning of his."

"Aye," cried another, springing up on the porch. "But devil's own or no, the man's mortal if the steed is not. An' I've a silver bullet waitin' for him!"

The crowd's tone dropped to a deeper note

WHAT'S YOUR TELEPHONE SCORE?

Do you talk naturally?

Normal tone of voice is best. Shouting makes the voice unpleasant.



Do you answer promptly?

Most people do. Otherwise you may miss an important call.



Do you make sure of the number before you call?

It will save you time, and prevent inconvenience to others.

• Your telephone is a handy, friendly, necessary thing. It saves you time and makes life more pleasant. Remember . . . even when they cannot see you, people judge you by the way you speak to them over the telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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SELL Chilton Christmas Cards
Make good money spare time taking orders for
Gorgeous New
"PRIZE" Assortment
21 lovely Christmas folders. Latest, most
fashionable designs. Highest Your
cash profit 50c. 14 fast-selling boxes! Gift
Wrappings, Etchings, Religious, Humorous,
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and they packed closer. Some brandished sticks, a few had muskets. The measured clatter of the troop came nearer. The muttering of the mob swelled to a roar.

The little troop of riders, with Dundee and Balcarres at its head, came pounding down the street. "Give way—give way," shouted the pennon bearer. The crowd shrank back a little lest it be trampled, making a path. Dundee halted and looked about for Allan and Jock.

"Go your ways, my lord, don't stop for us!" Jock shouted over the heads of the mob.

Dundee's gay laugh rang out. "Aye, I'm pressed, godson," he called, as his gauntleted right hand tossed a leather bag into Jock's bare one with a true aim. But the pause gave the crowd its chance. There were shouts of "Devil's horse! Devil's rider!" "Down wi' Bloody Clavers!"

"Play, Allan, play! Sing, too!" Jock shouted. He began singing the words which had been forming in his brain on the way to the tavern, shouting them at the full strength of his clear boy's voice:

*"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
"Come saddle my horses and order my men,
"Throw open the West Port and let us go
free,
"For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonny
Dundee!"*

It was a swift-galloping, catchy tune. Allan's harp and Allan's harsh, strong voice carried it along. A half dozen of Dundee's own troopers caught it up.

Jock went desperately on, improvising a stanza as he sang, his eyes following the riders as they passed:

*"Dundee he is mounted, he rides down the
street,
"The bells they ring backward, the drums
they are beat,
"But the provost, douce man, said, 'Just
e'en let it be,
"For the town is well rid of that deil of
Dundee!"*

There was a burst of laughter from the mob. Allan said softly, "The danger's past,

lad. But go on, dinna give them time to think."

The bagpipes had it now. The fifty men trotting behind Dundee were all singing, too, deep-voiced and gay. Dundee and Balcarres led them swiftly on. They were nearly safe away.

*"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
"Come saddle my horses and order my men,
"Throw open the West Port and let us
go free,
"For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonny
Dundee!"*

Jock heard the clang of the West Gate. He had sung Graham of Claverhouse, his father's comrade—Bloody Clavers of the hunted saints, Bonny Dundee of the splendid loyalty to a lost cause—safe out of Edinburgh. Impatiently he thrust the leather bag, with its gold and its letter to the king, into his bosom.

That gold and that letter were destined to win Jock back lands and heirship again. Indeed, before the year was out young Sir John Kennedy and his lady mother and their blind man-at-arms had ridden to the English court and returned in triumph. Canny Dutch William valued Dundee's word, as he had prophesied, and his memory was long. William's still uneasy grip on Scotland, too, was strengthened by the replacement of a stanch Whig lady in control of the Kennedy lands until her equally stanch son was man grown. And as for pretty, fussy, docile Queen Mary, her delight in possession of the flutes she had always coveted was unbounded, though how useful it was in their cause Jock never knew.

But all this was months away. To-day, none of it mattered a whit to young Jock Kennedy, shouting his ballad, blazing-cheeked in his rags. He was freeing to his last victory—and to his death—the greatest gentleman he had ever seen. Uncaring whether tomorrow brought heirship, or leave to wander Scotland making songs it would remember, Jock waved the silver flute. The bagpipes and the rhythmic click of the cavalry horses faded out beyond the West Gate. Wildly he led the shouted song of the Scots mob which, but for

him, would have avenged all its wrongs at the hands of the Stuarts on Viscount Dundee:

*"There are hills beyond Pentland and firths
beyond Forth,
"Be there lords in the South, there are
chiefs in the North,
"There are brave Duniwassals, a thousand
times three,
"Will cry hoigh! for the Bonnets of Bonny
Dundee!"*

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The tune called "The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee" is as old as this story. There must have been words sung to it, though the actual modern words are by Sir Walter Scott. It is not impossible, at that, that some of the original words are among Sir Walter's, for both he and Burns frankly took old songs wherever they found them and remade them into new ones.

John Graham of Claverhouse, later Viscount Dundee, is still a sinister legend as "Bloody Clavers" and a romantic one as "Bonny Dundee." So distinct is the cleavage between the dual personalities that it is hard to remember they were one man. In both aspects he is remembered as handsome, charming, brave, and gay, and one of the best military commanders of his time. William of Orange, knowing Dundee of old in Holland, would have given him anything he wanted if he—the king—could have persuaded him to come over to his side. Instead, Dundee gave the last of the charming, pig-headed, promise-breaking Stuarts a splendid and ill-requited loyalty, as unwavering as his earlier ruthlessness to the Covenanters. As for the black horse and the legends of its demoniac origin, and of Claverhouse's invulnerability because of a pact with the devil, they are still part of the legend in Scotland. The tale of the laughing horsemen who came to the moorland inn at midnight, with Kinmont Willie riding double behind one of them, is still told in Scotland from Elizabethan days.

Monmouth was quite likely to have lost the flutes at Bothwell Bridge battle. He was as musical and extravagant and careless as all the Stuart men.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"It's not what would happen to you, but what would happen to the ruins," he replied. "There are already too many initials carved on the adobe walls."

We caught sight of a modern building. "The museum," our guide explained, leading us toward the door. The museum was built of adobe, in keeping with the traditional architecture of the country. Inside was a display of pottery decorated by the Casa Grande people with crude figures and geometric designs. With the pottery were other relics from which archaeologists have reconstructed the lives of the people—bone and stone tools, shell ornaments, cremation ashes.

We found our location on a wall map of the "culture areas" of the Southwest. "Culture areas" are localities classified according to the achievements of the people who lived there before the settlement of the continent by white men. The standard Casa Grande joke is about this map. Our guide told it this way, "When seeing the great number of culture areas within the State of Arizona, one tourist remarked, 'Can you beat that! Arizona is the most cultured State in the Union!'"

The name "Great House" leads one to expect a grandiose dwelling—and I must admit

CASA GRANDE

that the first sight of Casa Grande is somewhat of a shock. It is obviously not a dwelling at all, and the thing which catches one's eye is an iron canopy, standing like a large umbrella over the ruin.

"The covering was erected by the Park Service to prevent further erosion of the adobe walls," our ranger explained. We soon discarded the ugly iron tent from our vision, looking below at the mass of adobe rising four stories above the arid land. As we approached, the size of the structure became apparent. It is truly a Great House when one considers that every inch of it was made without the aid of machine or iron tool. All this earth was piled up by hand.

"There are the earliest fingerprints ever recorded," the guide said, pointing to parts of the walls which, upon close inspection, we found to be marked by the fingers of the ancient people. They had patted the mud with their hands, smoothing the plaster painstakingly. Time was not judged, in those days, by the minute hand of a clock.

We soon discovered that our guide was a young archaeologist. "Casa Grande was oriented to the cardinal points of the compass," he explained. We stood in the shade of the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

iron umbrella, looking at the solidity of the walls which are from three and a half to four feet thick. As we gazed up at the top of the crumbling ruin, we were suddenly aware that we were being watched. We could see vague, small forms sitting high up on the rafters of the protecting structure, but our eyes were so dazzled by the intense sunlight that we could not make out what they were.

"A family of big horned owls lives up there," the ranger said. We let our eyes become accustomed to the shadows and then we made out the feathered forms of two big birds, peering down and looking as though they knew far more than they were telling about things which went on, once upon a time, in this country.

Stepping out into the intense heat of the desert, we continued our tour of the villages which lie in outline around the Great House. "People expect to find complete homes," explained our ranger, leading the way. But we had seen enough of the ruins of the adobe villages in the Southwest to know what to expect. Adobe is amazingly durable material although it is only claylike mud, but weather does erode it and to-day the homes of the Hopi are no more than low walls.

The houses of the people of the first migration are the most primitive homes ever made in America. They are pits in the ground and above them originally rose low walls. Today only the pits remain to show the way the first Americans dug into the ground to make houses which were not only simple to build, but proof against the heat of the desert.

It does not take much imagination to reconstruct the homes as they looked in the days before Europeans saw this continent. Our guide pointed out the outlines of rectangular rooms, built in contiguous formation like the rooms of an apartment. A group of these rooms is known as a compound, or a village.

There are eight compounds, or house groups, around the Great House. One is composed of less than a dozen rooms, while the largest contains ninety-six and the outline of a defense wall. Beside the houses are round holes where the men mixed the adobe for building. Near by is a court where they played ball. Most interesting is the faint trace of the irrigation ditch which made life possible in this arid land—a ditch thirty-four feet in width in some places, which used to bring the life-giving waters from the Gila River, many miles away. The main canal was nearly twenty miles in length.

In imagination we reconstructed the lives of these farmers who, in some ways, reminded us of the cliff dwellers. But the Casa Grande people lived on the ground and far from water. They had no high caves in which they could hide from enemy raiders, nomads who roamed the country robbing the peaceful agriculturists of their stores of maize and beans.

"That," explained our guide, "is why the Casa Grande people built the Great House. It was their lookout, their watchtower where they could sight an enemy from afar."

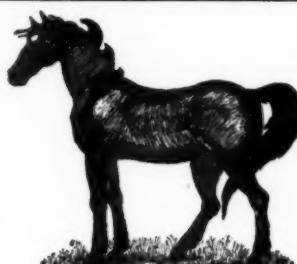
This seems a logical explanation of the use of the Great House. There is no evidence that anyone ever lived in it. In fact the lower floors are filled with sand. But there is ample evidence that the Hohokam and their followers enjoyed long residence in the surrounding compounds. The hundreds of potsherds which archaeologists have dug out of the drifted debris in the rooms show that these people were gifted and artistic potters. The irrigation ditch, too, tells a most important story.

We sat down for a moment, looking toward the Gila River, life artery of this desert region, and wondered how the place appeared to its discoverer. The first white man who came to Casa Grande was the Jesuit missionary, Padre Eusebio Kino. In November of the year 1694, he made a journey north from the missions he had founded farther south. He reported several "casa grandes" in ruins on the banks of the Gila River.

Some time previous to Padre Kino's visit, the last of the inhabitants had deserted their villages, one can only conjecture why. Perhaps raiders drove the Hohokam away, or sabotaged their irrigation ditches. Perhaps an epidemic wiped them out. No one will ever know. But we can imagine what life would have been like in those long-ago days when the compounds were filled with living people.

Suppose, in this game of "let's pretend," you yourself should awaken, one morning of a pre-Columbian day, to find yourself at Casa Grande, a member of one of those prehistoric families. What, then, would you and your family be doing? Let us try to reconstruct such a morning from what we know of the life of the Hohokam.

Your brother, perhaps, might be sent to patrol the irrigation ditch. "Go and see if the



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dam holds well," your father might tell him before he himself walked toward the Great House to take his turn on guard. All day your father would be looking out over the flat land, watching for enemies. In his mind he would be thanking the gods of fertility for his fine crops.

Let us imagine that the time we are thinking about is midsummer. The squashes are ripening on the vines, the beans are hanging with full pods, the corn is bright with colored kernels beneath the browning husks. Your brother wanders down through the gardens, then on along the ditch, watching keenly the path of the water, looking to see if there are any breaks in the banks. It is many miles to the dam on the Gila River, and so the boy cannot be expected home until after dark.

In the meantime you, the daughter, go out with your mother. "Our crops are good this year," your mother says. "We must have another storage pot to hold our maize."

So you go with your mother to the banks where the clay is purest. Together you roll the clay upon your knees, fashioning long, sausagelike pieces which you coil first in a small circle, widening it into a bowl shape which grows and grows as coil lies upon coil, until at last an ample, corrugated pot is at your feet.

"The people in the next compound are baking their pots to-morrow. We can fire ours as soon as it is dry," your mother says, setting the bowl in the sun. She does not decorate this pot because she wishes to use it for ordinary kitchen and storage purposes. Leaving it to dry, you both walk to the neighboring compound to see if the people there have

SKY RABBITS

Joel," cried Kate. "Why, they're beautiful!" She ran to the nearest pen and dropped on her knees in front of it. "You lovely! You lovely!" she whispered.

The great globe of snow flicked its pink-tinted ears, stared at her out of garnet eyes, and twinkled its pink nose.

"Their hair's so long!" exclaimed Ruth.

"And look at their pretty ears!" added Lena.

Joel stood back negligently, his hands on his hips. Kate turned to him, round-eyed. "Do you mean to tell me it's a business—taking care of beautiful creatures like this?"

Joel shrugged. "Don't ask me. Here comes Dad. He'll tell you all about it. Dad, this is Kate Brown, the girl I was telling you about, and her sister, Ruth, and—"

"And Lena Transim, our cousin," said Kate. "Oh, Mr. Ronca, aren't they beautiful? Joel says they're like clouds. Rabbits of the sky. Wouldn't that be a pretty name for them—'sky rabbits'?"

"Sky rabbits?" To Kate, Mr. Ronca looked like a college professor, with his gentle yet keen expression; and when he spoke his voice sounded that way, too, cultivated and considerate.

"The best of it is, they're really very practical, though Joel doesn't think so," he said. "In France and England whole counties live by raising them. In France, they call them the 'Ladies' Rabbit,' and in England they say 'Fairies of Fancy.' But I like your name better, I believe, 'Sky Rabbits'."

Kate's face flushed wild-rose pink with pleasure. "But how do you go about it?" she said eagerly. "Do you have to kill them to get the hair?"

"No, no, that's quite the best part of it.

gathered enough buffalo chips to make the hot, slow fire necessary for firing clay.

Imagination fails us here. Too little is known of the Hohokam to complete the picture of their daily life.

On our visit to Casa Grande, the guide broke into my effort to reconstruct the past. "There are others waiting to see the ruins," he said. We followed him reluctantly back to the car, inwardly denouncing the heedless human beings who carve their initials on walls and otherwise deface monuments, thus preventing other travelers from wandering among archaeological ruins by themselves.

As we went on that night toward Phoenix, which lies in the Salt River valley—more romantically known as the Valley of the Sun—we knew that the people whose farms we would see were no less dependent on the river water than were the ancient "Salt People," the *Salido*, in Spanish. The *Salido* were neighbors of the Hohokam. They inhabited the area near what is now Phoenix.

To-day, of course, life in the Valley of the Sun is on a large scale. Instead of the small, handmade dams and relatively small irrigation ditches of the past, there is Roosevelt Dam which supplies water for 240,000 acres of agricultural development, melon and lettuce fields, and the foreign-looking date gardens of modern desert farmers. However, the enormous farms of this era do not take away from the wonder of the accomplishment of those pioneer agriculturists, remembered now only through their pottery, their cremation ashes, the outlines of their homes and irrigation ditches, and the Casa Grande, mysterious Great House of centuries ago.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

You shear them. Three or four times a year. This old fellow is about ripe for the scissors—and from now on I'll have to shear them myself. A man came yesterday and showed me how. Step down this way and you'll see one that's just been through the operation. Here he is."

"I swan!" ejaculated Lena.

"It looks like a little skinny plush girl with huge hair ribbons," suggested Kate.

"And boots," added Joel, a grin breaking into his gloom.

Indeed, the rabbit was startlingly small with its two or three inches of wool cut away, except on the feet and ears and a heavy bang on the forehead.

"When did you start raising them?" Kate asked. "How did you find out about them?"

"My brother has a farm in Canada," Mr. Ronca told her. "We secured the stock from him and have been installing it this week. This is our initial effort."

"Won't you come up to the house and meet Mother?" Joel asked politely as Kate turned away from the rabbits.

"Why—why, yes," replied Kate, a little uncertainly. She wanted to meet Mrs. Ronca—in fact, she had come to do so—but Joel's manner was discouraging.

"Indeed, you must," encouraged Mr. Ronca and, leaving them no chance to demur, he guided them in a courtly way into the path and across to the porch.

The porch was a jumble of boxes and crates, steel furniture with white cushions, and a spinning wheel—at which last Kate stared in astonishment. But before she could comment, the door was opened by a small, gray-haired woman who gazed at them inquisitorily. She was dressed in a tweed suit

which looked too large for her little figure.

"How do you do," she said hesitantly, Joel and Mr. Ronca being lost for a moment in the rear. "Did you come to see about work?"

Joel pushed forward impatiently. "No, Mother. This is Kate Brown—you know, I told you about her. I asked them to come and see the rabbits."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mrs. Ronca stammered, looking up at Kate out of soft gray eyes.

"That's quite all right. In fact—" Kate felt her cheeks heating—"I did come about that, too. I'd like very much to have the job." She could feel them all staring at her, so she looked down at her scuffed oxfords.

"Well, of course, we couldn't pay much," said Mrs. Ronca. "But do come in, and we'll talk about it." She held open the door.

Kate cast a comprehensive glance around the spacious, beamed room. "Gorgeous," she thought. "But what a mess! I'd love to get my hands on it."

The furniture stood about aimlessly, a grand piano, a big couch with a striped slipcover, many little round-backed stubby chairs upholstered in needle-point, a long dark dining table and sideboard heavily carved. Among these things, piles of pictures and stacks of books made a maze of the floor.

"Are you used to doing housework?" asked Mrs. Ronca.

Kate refrained from looking at Ruth. "Just an ordinary amount. Of course, I've never done it professionally before. But I'm very capable, and I like to accomplish things. Any of the teachers, or the preacher down at Granite, or anybody in town can tell you that. I just finished high school and have nothing to do, and I want to work."

"I could do most of the cooking myself," meditated Mrs. Ronca. "I'd rather like that." She turned to Kate. "Very well, then. We can try it for a little while, anyway. We'll pay five dollars a week, and you'll have your lunches with us. At what time can you come, Monday morning?"

"Any time," Kate cried. Now it was over, it seemed perfectly natural and not hard at all. "Eight? Or seven?"

"Mercy, no," said Mrs. Ronca. "Let's say nine thirty. What a sweet baby!" she added, holding out her hand to Lindalee.

"She doesn't take to strangers," Kate explained as Lindalee burrowed against her. "It's so odd that we expect them to, isn't it? Well, thanks a lot, and good-by. I'll be here at nine thirty, then, Monday morning."

They climbed into the truck and turned to wave good-by, but Joel and his parents had gone into the house.

"My goodness, Kate," Ruth burst out as soon as they had started down the road, "you, of all people, saying you could do housework! And I never did think you'd come down to work like that, with all your high and mighty ideas. What will Aunt Elizabeth think, if she comes?"

"She'll think I'm taking her advice, if she has any sense," said Kate stoutly. "I can certainly do housework if I put my mind to it. It's just a silly, snobbish delusion that makes it seem—well, not so far up in the world as clerking in a store, for instance."

"You wouldn't catch me doing it, just the same," said Lena.

"And I think Joel was real surprised at you, Kate," added Ruth.

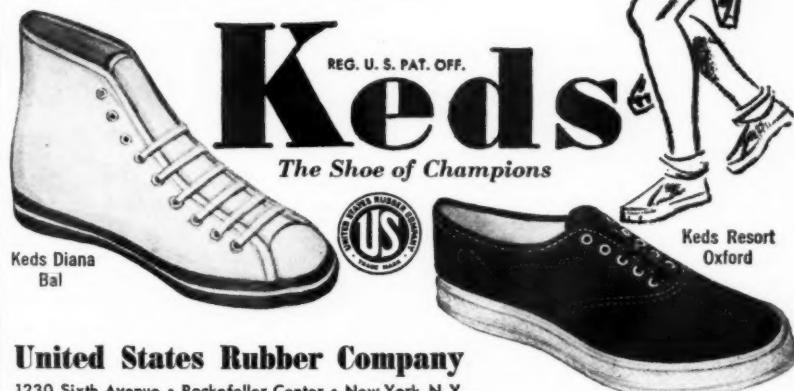
Kate dropped her face against the baby's curly head. "Nobody can look down on you, if you don't look down on yourself," she said.

(Continued on page 45)

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STARTING A TROOP

Mt. SHASTA, CALIFORNIA: It is very pleasant to think that I started a Girl Scout troop in Mt. Shasta. It is a wonderful feeling to wake up on Tuesday morning and think of the Scout meeting you are going to attend that day.

I was elected president of our troop and it is quite a job. With about twenty-seven healthy girls, it is hard to quiet them at first—though they are all ears for our plans, once they are quiet.

THE AMERICAN GIRL is what made me want a Girl Scout troop in my own town. Well, we have it now—and there are about seven of our members who have subscriptions. Our principal at school was reading a copy of my friend's AMERICAN GIRL one day and he saw the good reading in it, so he got a subscription for the school.

Ruby I. Roberts

A HELP IN SCOUTING

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and have just sent in another two-year subscription. I think I would be very much lost without it, as it is the best girls' magazine published. I have been a Girl Scout for three years and THE AMERICAN GIRL has helped me immensely in my Scout work.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman at the Weymouth High School. I have many hobbies, but the most fascinating is my vegetable garden which I enlarge each year. I love all sorts of sports, too, especially swimming, and I also enjoy painting and wood-burning.

My favorite character in THE AMERICAN GIRL is Yes-We-Can Janey, but of course I can't forget Midge and Bushy. *What's On the Screen?* is a great help to me in deciding what pictures to see and not to see.

Betty Smith

"THE SINGLE TWO"

STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT: THE AMERICAN GIRL is a shining light to a person who likes to read, as I do. You can look inside the cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL and find anything you might want—good stories, Girl Scout news, fashions, etc. I've been a Girl Scout since last September and I like Scouting a lot.

I enjoy all of THE AMERICAN GIRL characters. *What's On the Screen?* and the jokes appeal to me especially. I also like articles on movie stars.

I am fourteen and am in the eighth grade

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

A penny for your thoughts

at high school. My favorite sports are swimming and ice skating.

My girl friend, Katherine, and I have a club we call the "Single Two." We have one dollar and thirty cents in our treasury. Besides the club I have no special hobbies.

Before I close I want to say hurrah for THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I'm sure all of the girls who take it will agree.

Shirley Kroner

THE GIRL SCOUT SPIRIT

NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA: Boy, but was that new Midge story swell! And that's not all. Just show me something in the most all-round girls' magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL, that isn't good! Truly, on my and most all Girl Scouts' honor, THE AMERICAN GIRL is an internationally loved magazine.

I am in the sophomore class of New Bern High School, and I wish to say hello to all the nation-wide contributors to *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I enjoy reading their letters very much. This is the third year I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I find it very interesting and helpful in earning proficiency badges. I now have thirty-one badges.

I go to Girl Scout Camp Tuscarora near Goldsboro, North Carolina every summer and enjoy some of my best-loved sports like archery, arts and crafts, and water sports. Anyone who goes there once will surely want to go again.

In ending, I would like to say that this magazine helps to stimulate International Friendship and helps to keep the Girl Scout spirit up.

Alice Lou Flanner

THE FUN AND WORK OF SCOUTING

UNIONTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: Once a month I find THE AMERICAN GIRL waiting for me in the mail box. First, I glance hurriedly through it, searching eagerly for my favorite stories, then on to the jokes. At last I settle down, in expectancy, to enjoy it thoroughly from top to bottom. My favorite stories are the ones about Bushy and Lofty, which are tops—though Midge and Lucy Ellen are close seconds. I've missed Bobo Witherspoon in the last several issues, though, and I hope to see her back soon. I like the articles on clothes the best.

I am fourteen, and in the ninth grade. I like school a lot, even if it does get rather tiresome sometimes. I like especially to read, dance, see movies, swim, and go bicycle riding. Hiking, tobogganing, and skating are lots of fun, too.

I am a Girl Scout, working on my First Class badges. Our troop is very active. We

hike, go on overnight trips, have dinners, and do all sorts of interesting things which add to the fun and work of Scouting.

Last week we had a Pioneer Party to which we each brought a guest. We all came in costume, some dressed in old-fashioned dresses or pinnafores. For boys, we dressed in slacks, overalls, or jodhpurs, with straw hats or gay kerchiefs. We square-danced, then danced the Virginia Reel, and played the games we imagined they might have played. To top it off, we ended with a good old-fashioned, covered-dish supper. I'm sure everyone enjoyed themselves immensely—at least I did, despite the fact that I was on the dish-washing squad.

I have gone to Camp Riamo, a Girl Scout camp in the mountains, three or four summers, and I'm saving now to go again next summer.

Sue Sesler

MARY CAROLYN LOVES MUSIC

Mt. STERLING, ILLINOIS: You needn't feel your ears to see if they're burning, because this is going to be nothing but the best. I think THE AMERICAN GIRL the perfect magazine for the typical American girl, in every respect.

I always read *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and the jokes first of all. I'd like to have more articles about jobs for the future. Please include some about journalism and interior decorating. Also, I think it would be swell to have a monthly column where our questions about etiquette and good form could be answered, as one girl to another.

All the stories are grand, especially those about Yes-We-Can Janey. The stories about English songs are great, too. Do you suppose it would be possible to find a story behind the old English song, *Barbara Allen*? I'm learning that with my singing lessons, and I think it would be interesting to know about it.

I am thirteen years old, going on fourteen, and I have been a Girl Scout for about a year and enjoy it very much. We do such interesting things. Just now we are hurrying to get ready for Court of Awards.

I like to swim and play tennis and badminton, ride my bike, and ride horseback, though I don't get a chance very often. I enjoy reading (especially THE AMERICAN GIRL), playing the piano, and singing. I also play the clarinet. Last fall I went to Kirsten Flagstad's concert in Quincy. It was wonderful, and our article about her made it even more so. I could write all night about the merits of our magazine, but perhaps I had better save the rest for some other time.

Mary Carolyn Turner

SKY RABBITS

When the alarm rang at seven, Monday morning, Kate opened her eyes indignantly, then remembered. For a moment she cast longing thoughts backward to the old, lazy, agreeable pattern of her summers. Then she thought of the rabbits, the big, untidy house full of spinning wheels, books, and Joel, and leaped up eagerly. Such a new, different life was opening up before her.

The morning added to her gay confidence. It was bright and blowy; white clouds were buffeted across the sky, and pines waved their arms and sighed with a sadness deeper and more sustaining than joy. Kate ran through air sweet with chokecherry, over silver grass starred with red paintbrush, blue lupine, and yellow salsify, up to the front door of the Ronca house, and knocked.

Mrs. Ronca appeared, in stocking feet. "Good morning," she said. "After this you may come right in—by either door."

"If you want me to use the back door, you'd better say so, straight out," Kate told her cheerfully.

Mrs. Ronca gave a quick glance of surprise. "We're not being so formal as that." She added, "I'm trying to decide which curtains to hang in the bedroom. Won't you come and help me?"

Kate followed her into a large bedroom with many windows that opened on the hillside. "Oh, isn't it nice?" she cried.

"Yes, very," answered Mrs. Ronca, climbing on a chair. "But there are so many windows, you see, and our former curtains don't suit at all. If only there were six pairs of these green ones, or if two of the monk's-cloth ones only weren't too short. Do you suppose I could put the short ones here behind the bed where they wouldn't be noticed?"

"They don't even reach the sill," Kate objected. "What about those cretonne curtains?"

"Yes, there are enough of them," admitted Mrs. Ronca. "But I have always felt unfriendly toward those curtains."

"Here, let me hang a pair," said Kate. "I can reach without standing on anything. Why, look, they'll do fine!"

Mrs. Ronca stood, curling her toes while she watched Kate hang the curtains. "I can't bear them," she said when they were up.

"But they do fit," countered Kate gayly. "Well, shall I get to work?"

"You may start on the woodwork in the living room," answered Mrs. Ronca. "The utensils are in the kitchen." She climbed on the chair again to take down the curtains.

Kate went searching for the kitchen and found it on the other side of a swinging door from the living room. On the drainboard was a box full of small, dark bars of soap. It seemed to be the only soap, so she carried it, along with bucket and cloth, to the living room. She'd never washed woodwork before, but she saw no need of mentioning the fact.

At eleven thirty by the grandfather clock, which stood in the middle of the room ticking solemnly under the dust cloth slung across its brow, Kate straightened her back and rubbed it with hands that were swollen and sore. She'd never done such a stretch of housework in her life before. She'd give anything in the world to go over and lie down on that sofa for five minutes, but there was only a short stretch of dry, dusty woodwork ahead of her, and she did want to get it all done before lunch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

She did, just, and sat down at the table with the other three in a comfortable haze of weariness. Only her hands weren't comfortable—they were badly swollen.

"Joel," said Mrs. Ronca nervously, "did you have any mail to-day?"

"Yes, I had the letter," Joel answered, without looking at her.

Mr. Ronca sent him one glance and then quickly went on eating his soup.

Kate felt it was her presence that strained the silence. She cast about desperately for an alternative subject. "Mrs. Ronca, I saw a spinning wheel here yesterday," she ventured. "Was it a real old one, or something?"

Mrs. Ronca's face brightened. "It's a new one," she cried. "To spin with. To spin rabbit wool."

"Why, I supposed they'd do it by machinery," Kate marveled.

"They do, sometimes. But rabbit wool's so fine, and carries so much electricity, that it's very hard to prepare on electric cards. They have to mix in a lot of sheep's wool, and that impairs the quality."

"But doesn't it take too long to hand-spin it?" Kate asked. "To compete with machines—"

"In the main, of course, it does," Mr. Ronca put in. "But there are lots of people interested in buying fine and unusual things. Those people will be our customers, we hope, after Mrs. Ronca gets to spinning and knitting in some quantity, and eventually weaving, too. Meanwhile, we can always sell the raw wool, which is in demand for aviators' clothing, among other surprising uses, and brings about five dollars a pound."

Mrs. Ronca had lost interest during the last remarks. She was examining the baseboard near the table.

"My, what a pity!" she exclaimed. "That enamel is peeling. I hadn't noticed it before."

"Why, no, it isn't," Kate shook her head. "Why—why, it wasn't!" She looked from the baseboard to Mrs. Ronca with dawning alarm. "Could it have been the soap? It seems to have chapped my hands awfully."

"What soap?" asked Mrs. Ronca.

"The soap I used. It was all I could find anywhere," Kate stammered. "Little gray bars, in a box in the kitchen."

Mrs. Ronca gave a faint cry and put her hand to her throat. She looked at Mr. Ronca, who was eying Kate's lacerated knuckles.

"No doubt the antiseptic soap used for cleaning the rabbit hutches," he said.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Kate cried, with genuine regret. "If only you'd laid out the right things for me!"

"I should think you'd have recognized that it was not the proper sort of soap," Mrs. Ronca replied, a spot of red lighting each cheek. "Next time, I hope you'll ask me."

Kate looked up in surprise at her tone. "Yes, I'll ask," she returned, and went quickly to the kitchen with a pile of dishes. She set down the dishes and ran out the kitchen door. She had to get away for a little.

Who'd ever have thought Mrs. Ronca would be so hard to work for? A person wouldn't have minded her being displeased about the paint. The distressing thing was her refusal to accept her share of the responsibility. "Nobody so inefficient as that has any right to be so touchy," Kate murmured to herself.

She had taken the path to the rabbit clearing. Now she saw the rabbits with another

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delicious shock of surprise. They were so unearthly fair. They were as exotic a novelty in Sky Rock as the Roncas themselves—and much more delightful. Kate crouched beside the hutes, and began to make friends. After a few minutes she began to feel like herself again, and she went back into the house determined to be useful and friendly.

That evening Kate was lying on the sofa at home with bandages on her hands when the ancient doorbell tinkled. "Come in," she called, and then faltered, "Why, Joel! Doesn't your mother want me any more?"

"Don't be silly," said Joel. He sat down in Mom's patent rocker. "Of course she does. But now I guess you can see it isn't just a lark to be a maid. It really isn't your job, Kate. Brunhild—with a mop!"

"Well," Kate's defiance flashed bright in her blue eyes, "I don't know that scrubbing floors—or woodwork—is much different from waiting on tables. And Brunhild waited on tables in Valhalla."

Joel's look focused interestedly on her. "You didn't act as if you knew about Brunhild the other day," he said.

"There are dictionaries that even ignoramus can look at," retorted Kate.

"Then you don't know the music?" Joel asked eagerly. "The operas about Brunhild? They're not my favorites, but they're grand, strange music, and in some ways they remind me of you."

Kate clasped her hands, her cheeks filled with color, for she suddenly saw new horizons which she had never dreamed of in her competent self-sufficiency.

"You seem to—to have the key to everything in your hand, in your mind," she cried. "Music. Everything. All the things I've always wanted—and never even knew what they were. Oh, Joel, won't you play for us?"

Joel played for almost an hour, nobly ignoring the discords produced by the untuned piano, while Mom and Ruth stole in from the kitchen, and Little Matt, with Song-Dog under his arm, poked in his head and hastily withdrew it.

"It was—a wonderful evening," Kate said almost timidly at the door. And Joel's smile, strangely, was almost embarrassed in return.

"I never play like that for people," he said. Then he chuckled. "Say, I forgot the reason I came over. Dad's shearing to-morrow, and he thought maybe your sister and Little Matt might like to see it."

At nine thirty the three young Browns ap-

peared at the rabbit run, where the two elder Roncas were waiting in the sun. Mr. Ronca was sitting on the shearing bench in front of the shed, with a throbbing cloud of thistle-down on his knees.

"Good morning," he greeted them. "Look your last on Galahad—who doesn't appear to be nervous, but would jump a mile if he knew how nervous I am. You see, this is my first shearing."

Mrs. Ronca perched on a log near him, and the Browns gathered absorbedly. Mr. Ronca set his narrow comb into the white milkweed floss and drew a somewhat wavering pink part down the center of Galahad's back. Then he deliberately parted off a small square from the midrib, lifted the silky wool erect with the comb, and made three sharp snips with the bright barbers' scissors.

They watched tensely as he removed a small clean patch of wool and peered at the shorn place, a section of plush unmarred by bloody scratch. Mr. Ronca laid the wool carefully in a cardboard box beside him and parted off another square.

"Isn't that wonderful?" Mrs. Ronca exclaimed, her small face brightening. "And in three or four months he'll be all grown out again. And in the meantime, many offspring will be produced. It's a wonderful business. *Everything* is going to come out all right."

"That must mean something about Joel's discontent," Kate thought. "Perhaps they think they'll make enough money to send him to college."

Mr. Ronca laughed, a gentle, indulgent laugh. "And the babies will die, and the market for wool will vary," he said, as though he had forgotten the outsiders. "As for everything's coming out all right, that doesn't depend on the rabbits, or us, or anything but the boy himself—whether or not he will come to terms with necessity. Anna, Anna, modify your hopes."

"I must hope, I must hope," Mrs. Ronca murmured, her brightness fading.

"That wool must be three inches long," remarked Ruth tactfully.

"Four used to be considered the best market length," said Mr. Ronca. "But in spite of careful grooming, the wool was likely to mat at that length, so now three inches is regulation."

"Do you comb them a lot?" Kate asked.

"According to your degree of faithfulness," replied Mr. Ronca.

Kate laughed. "You talk like the Bible," she said. "My grandfather, who was an Indian scout, used to talk like the Bible, too. But different. It was part of his life, and with you it's part of your language."

Mr. Ronca opened his mouth and gave a loud, enjoyment laugh. "Touché," he said. "When our lips grow too clever, our hearts may forget their wisdom."

"Gollies, don't he look funny now?" blurted out Little Matt, his tongue-tied shyness forgotten in his interest in the rabbit.

They all laughed spontaneously. Half of Galahad's back was clipped; the other half was full-blown and luxuriant.

Steps crunched the springy pine-needle carpet, and Joel came like a thundercloud into all this merriment, nodding briefly to the girls. "What's all the shouting for?" he asked.

Kate's heart ached when she looked at him, even though she resented his grumpiness. There was something terribly wrong with him, and what could it be? Joel seemed to her to have everything.

He sat down beside his mother. "Might as well be comfortable," he remarked unpleasantly.

"Oh," Kate cried suddenly in consternation, "get up, both of you! You musn't sit on that log."

Even Ruth stared at her in surprise.

"Wood ticks," explained Kate. "You know June is one of the worst months for them, and a damp old log like that is the worst place."

"Wood ticks!" Joel snorted. "I thought it was a rattlesnake, at least." He got up and peered at the log. "I don't see any animals of any sort."

"Wood ticks are nothing to sneeze at," Kate assured him. "They may look like a ladybug with fringe on, but they can really make you seriously sick. I don't know why I didn't have sense enough to warn you when I first saw you sitting there, Mrs. Ronca. But you must get up right away, now," she added in the imperative tone which expects no refusal.

"I'm really able to look after myself, Kate," said Mrs. Ronca, looking off at the horizon and folding her small hands on her knees.

Kate stared at her a moment, her mouth open to protest; then she changed her mind. "I'll go in now and get at the cleaning," she said. She turned away, out of the sunshine, and went back toward the house and her scrub brush and mop.

(To be continued)

FRIENDSHIP AND THE GIRL SCOUT LAWS

Next, see what you can do to give more pleasure and satisfaction to your friends. If you drop in to see a girl friend and find she can't go out with you until she finishes the dishes, do you ask for a dish towel and help her? Or do you pick up a magazine and make yourself comfy in the nearest easy chair while you wait?

Do you ever drop papers in the school corridor, or on the street, for someone else to pick up? When you go on a picnic, are you content to let someone else jump up and clear away the debris when you are through eating? Are you always a working member of any group to which you belong, or are you just a dead weight on the rest?

You may find, at first, that you will have to force yourself a good deal of the time, in order to make yourself useful. It is so much easier to slide along and let yourself be blind to the little things you might do, every day,

to help others. But just remember that strength of character comes only from fighting our natural human laziness, and being useful is a habit that will grow only with constant use. Self-reliant, useful people are always in demand as friends.

The fourth Law is the very basis of friendship: *A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout.* It has often been said that if you want friends you should be a friend, so it is easy to see the value of this law from a popularity standpoint.

The most difficult thing to remember about this law is that it says you should be a friend to *all*. This does not mean just being friendly to those in your own group, or your own school, or merely those who live in the same country and share your political, social, and religious ideas. Anyone can be friendly toward another person whose ideas he shares, but it takes understanding and tolerance to

see beyond the differences and discover the things you have in common with people who do not think in all ways as you do. Make a practice, therefore, of trying to forget what you disagree with in others, or do not like, and concentrate on their likable qualities; then you will find yourself able to enjoy them provided enough common ground exists as a basis for friendship—and if not, at least you will have tried sincerely to understand them.

The more people toward whom you are friendly, the richer your personality will be, and the better friend you will be able to be. Those who shut themselves in a small world of several close friends, who are never interested in being friendly outside their own narrow circle, will find their personalities withering like plants left in a dark, closed room. We need the fresh air and sunlight of a continually growing circle of friends, in

(Continued on page 48)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

*Naturally*

TENDERFOOT: I always do my hardest job before breakfast every morning.

LEADER: Really? What is it?

TENDERFOOT: Getting up.—Sent by DONNA MAE OLSON, Groversville, New York.

Overheard

GIRL SCOUT (at camp trading post): How much are those five cent barrettes?—Sent by RONA SINGER, Newark, New Jersey.

Riddle

PATROL LEADER: What is the difference between a hill and a pill?

SCRIBE: Why, one is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.—Sent by MARJORIE GARRETT, Manlius, New York.

Up in The Air

A Girl Scout troop was planning a picnic and a cook-out for the next day, and one of the girls was asked by her leader to find out what the newspaper predicted about the weather.

After searching the paper, the girl said doubtfully: "Well, they haven't decided yet. It says here, 'Weather for Wednesday, unsettled'." Sent by AMY BROWN, Cumberland, Wisconsin.

Almost

FIRST CLASS: Last night I dreamed my watch was gone.

TENDERFOOT: Was it, really?

FIRST CLASS: No, but it was going.—Sent by ANN STRING, Cleveland, Ohio.

*The Prize-Winning Joke**Home Baked*

SENIOR SCOUT: What did you do with the paper plate I gave you with the pie?

BROWNIE: Oh, I thought that was the lower crust!—Sent by VIRGINIA TONKOVICH, East Chicago, Indiana.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

No Bringing Up

FIRST SCOUT (viciously attacking a piece of chicken): This is evidently an incubator chicken.

SECOND SCOUT: Why?

FIRST SCOUT: No chicken with a mother could be so tough.—Sent by BETTY LEE GENTRY, Rupert, West Virginia.

Who?

SKIPPER: What is Helen's last name?

MARINER: Helen who?—Sent by ANN PIERCE, South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

Poor Girl!

FIRST CLASS: Did you read about the Girl Scout who swallowed her teaspoon at a party?

TENDERFOOT: No, what happened to her?

FIRST CLASS: She can't stir.—Sent by SANDA VAN FLECK, Kingston, New York.

Noisy

FIRST CAMPER: What kind of trees are these?

SECOND CAMPER: They are dogwood.

FIRST CAMPER: How can you tell?

SECOND CAMPER: Because of their bark.—Sent by BETTY BOWNE, Alhambra, California.

A Pushover

INTERMEDIATE: If an empty barrel weighs twenty-five pounds, what can I fill it with to make it weigh twenty?

SENIOR: That's impossible to answer.

INTERMEDIATE: No, it's easy. I'd fill it with holes.—Sent by ANNIE MOORE, Tamassee, South Carolina.

IT'S UP TO YOU
to find out for yourself

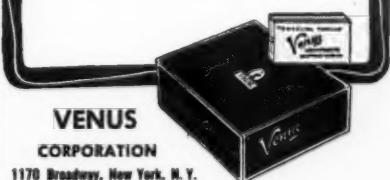
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being done your way? Next time try giving in with a smile, like a good sport, and see if it doesn't boost your friendship rating.

If you can stay cheerful when you have a splitting headache, or when you are being criticized, or when it rains on the day of your picnic, or when Mother tells you at the last minute that you'll have to wear your old dress to the party, or when you have to stay home from the basket ball game to take care of the baby—then you are well on the way toward developing the kind of a lovable personality that wins friends.

The ninth Law, *A Girl Scout is thrifty*, means more than just being thrifty with money—though it means that, too. It also means that you should be thrifty with property, time, and energy.

A girl who wastes the time and energy of her friends may some day wake up and find they are no longer her friends. If she is not thrifty with the property of others, she cannot hold their respect—but if she conserves what belongs to others as she would what belongs to herself, she has made a solid contribution to friendship. And a girl who wastes her own time and substance by doing silly, trivial things when she might be doing something worth while, is likely to develop a shallow, silly personality which is far from attractive.

Being thrifty with your own belongings can help you to be a better friend in several ways. First, by taking good care of your clothes you can keep yourself well groomed and attractive looking. By being thrifty with your time, you are enabled to do many things which enrich your personality; by being thrifty with your energy, you keep yourself healthy in body and mind; and by being thrifty with your money, you are helping to keep yourself prepared for emergencies.

BOBO KEEPS HER MOUTH SHUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

noisily bounced the coins out in slow succession upon her table. The yield, extracted after twenty minutes of unremitting labor, totaled fifty-nine cents in very small change. Bobo viewed it gloomily.

"Not enough," she muttered, "though I don't know for sure. I'll have to make inquiries. Then, when I know the *exact* amount—" She gave the pig another hopeful shake, but nothing whatever rattled within his gaily decorated form. Bobo scooped her haul into her green Girl Scout purse and went in search of her mother, who was sorting the laundry.

"Mother," said Bobo at once, "will you advance me my next week's allowance, and maybe the week after that's? It's for a Good Cause—and it Represents a Sacrifice and—"

"Seven towels," said Mrs. Witherspoon, "ten napkins, four—what is it, Bobo?"

"I said, might I have two weeks' allowance in advance?" her daughter repeated.

"That's a principle I don't approve of," said Mrs. Witherspoon, opening the linen closet. "You can creep up on that indefinitely. Better not start."

"Then is there any way I can earn it by Honest Labor?" demanded Bobo.

"Earn what?" asked her mother. "I'm very busy just now."

"About fifty cents," Bobo figured. "I could put away the laundry, for instance."

"The laundry is all but put away," her

mother told her. "And I don't think I feel like adding fifty cents to what it already costs to wash these things."

"Oh, I didn't mean all that for one little job," Bobo assured her. "You see, this is something special and very important—a Signal Honor, in fact."

"Really?" murmured Mrs. Witherspoon. "Couldn't you go into all the details?"

"I'm afraid not," Bobo decided. "It's my Own Problem; but it's terrifically exciting and important, and something you'll approve of very much."

"I'm sure I shall!" her mother laughed cautiously. "Well, we'll see what Daddy thinks about the advance idea."

Mr. Witherspoon, when approached that evening, met the question like the efficient business man he was. He advanced Bobo two weeks' allowance, but required her to give collateral—this being a promise to do certain extra jobs for him during the loan period, without reminding or prodding.

The jobs were done, with fancy touches thrown in—and in addition, Bobo spent a good deal of time at her desk, surrounded by crumpled and discarded papers and blots of ink. This was climaxed by her finally throwing away all the attempted paper work and going down town in full uniform, her lips moving in muttered repetition. She came back wreathed in ecstatic smiles, and so evidently exploding with something tremendous that it was very much to her credit she was able to keep it under her Girl Scout beret during the days that followed.

And don't forget that you should be thrifty in your spending, as well as in your saving. A thrifty girl buys things that will help make her a better person, physically and mentally. She buys good books, needed clothes, and trips. She saves for a summer at a Girl Scout camp or for a bicycle, instead of letting her money dribble away on sodas and useless trinkets.

DO YOU throw away your allowance on foolish things, and then expect your mother or father to supply money for something you need—that should have been bought out of your allowance? That won't make your parents better friends.

Do you borrow money right and left? Or do you thrifitly budget your allowance to cover the things you need and want most, then discipline yourself to give up buying anything else? Borrowing is a bad habit, and one that often spoils friendship.

The tenth and last law, *A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed*, is perhaps the most important of all when it comes to making friends. To follow this law, a girl must do more than just be a watchman over her thoughts and actions to see that they remain clean and good. A positive campaign to fill her mind with good thoughts, and to fill her hours with good actions, is the best way for her to live up to this last law and to make herself a desirable friend. The kind of person we all admire is the one who, while no prude, always stands stanchly for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Your attitude toward these matters is actually *you*—the essential *you*—and so of paramount importance in friendship.

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Red Rose Troop met, and met again. Their Hostess plans were completed. The stunt group had devised two little scenes which they considered representative of Girl Scout activities, both work and play.

"And what may I do?" Bobo demanded. "Pass cakes and keep your mouth shut," Jane informed her tersely.

Passing cakes was, after all, a pleasing assignment. There were always opportunities for getting an extra bit of food oneself as one brought plates back to the kitchen to be refilled. Bobo smiled complacently.

"Would you think she'd be that easily satisfied?" Betty marveled. "She always wants to be making a noise."

"With that job, she'll be perpetually full of sandwiches and unable to speak," Jane commented with finality.

The Commissioner's house was large and very attractive. On this perfect October day it was filled with sunshine and bright with masses of yellow and copper chrysanthemums, artistically arranged in dull blue bowls. Small fires burned cheerfully in the hall and living-room, pleasant after the tingle of the air outdoors. The alcove in the big room was arranged for the stunts; the dining table was prepared for tea. The Red Roses, arriving betimes, were to finish setting out the cups, slicing the lemon, distributing the cakes and sandwiches, and folding the colored napkins.

Bobo, her uniform spandy clean and newly pressed, slipped in more unobtrusively than was her custom. She had not come with the others and seemed unwilling to attract attention. Perhaps this was because she carried a square black box which resembled a typewriter case, and which she hurriedly parked in an obscure corner.

"What on earth have *you* got?" Ruthie demanded, her eyes following the object over which Bobo was tossing her coat.

"Just something I had to bring with me," Bobo said lightly.

The Commissioner, very trim in her wool uniform, was directing activities in the living room. "I believe we'll have to have still more chairs in here," she said. "Can you girls fetch the ones from the dining room?"

"I'll bring them in, Mrs. Parkinson," Bobo volunteered eagerly. "I can bring two at a time." She did so, nearly knocking over a bridge lamp and crashing into the doorway in the process. "Are you going to make a speech, Mrs. Parkinson?" she asked the Commissioner, who was steadyng the swaying lamp.

"I have a little message, yes," Mrs. Parkinson smiled.

Bobo's face fell a trifle. "Don't you think it would be Very Impressive if one of the girls had a message, too?" she wondered.

"Why, yes," the Commissioner agreed. "Very convincing. Of course, the little stunts the girls are going to put on will bring that out. Are you in the stunts, Bobo?"

Bobo shook her head sadly. "I promised not to open my mouth," she said.

"Why, that's really too bad," Mrs. Parkinson said absently. "We always like to hear from *you*. Oh, there come the first of our guests!"

Bobo flew to open the door, and any shadow of doubt that had darkened her face was completely wiped away from it, so that it shone more brightly than the October sun.

Mrs. Parkinson's words, which opened the afternoon's proceedings, were brief and to the point. But very grown-uppy, thought

Bobo, listening in a corner. Some of the ladies went on with their knitting; you couldn't tell whether they were listening properly or not. Others looked out, from time to time, at the glorious October blue and orange beyond the windows. Perhaps they wanted to be walking, or driving, or playing golf. Bobo bit her thumb in anxiety.

Then came the stunts. The first was a serious one planned by Jane—too serious for anything, Bobo decided. Helen, Red, Vera, and Jane herself gravely went through a scene portraying community service. They had reached the conclusion that it would save a lot of work if it were done in pantomime, but it was not too clear from their actions just what they were trying to depict. The funny stunt which followed was very funny indeed, but it depended on a good many local hints that perhaps would not be altogether clear to people who had not been at camp last summer. The audience smiled sympathetically, but began to look as if they wanted their tea.

The Commissioner stepped forward as the applause died, to invite them into the dining room where the Hostesses anxiously awaited them. But there was a slight commotion behind her, and Mrs. Parkinson, turning, left her invitation incomplete. For Bobo Witherspoon had scurried out of hiding and was setting up a square black box on a table in the alcove. From the doorway Jane was making frantic signals to her. But the Commissioner said, "What is it, Bobo? Is this another part of the program?"

Bobo nodded vigorously, but in silence. It could then be seen that her mouth was compressed so tightly that her lips were a thin, pale line. The effort she was expending in keeping mute seemed likely to make her explode. Commissioner and audience gazed at her, fascinated. Her silence was contagious. A spellbound hush descended, in which could be heard nothing but the small crackle of the open fire and the click of Bobo's box lid as she raised it and inserted a handle into the side of the contraption. It had now become evident that this was a small portable phonograph. The turntable began to whizz; Bobo lowered the needle and stood rigid beside the table, her mouth still set in its inflexible line. Then from the machine came—in clear and perfectly recognizable accents—the unfettered voice of Bobo Witherspoon, talking at top speed and as if her life depended on it.

"Dear ladies," the voice babbled eagerly, "you see I promised not to open my mouth, so I didn't know how I could tell you about how much I like being a Girl Scout. Then Betty said we must *make a record*, and I thought, 'That's the way to do it,' so I did—and I'm not really opening my mouth, am I?"

The audience, glancing hypnotized at Bobo's wooden countenance, could not but agree. Jane, still in the doorway, was registering complete and horrified collapse. Miss Roberts, shaking internally with some undefined emotion, was pinching Jane's arm to keep her still. The phonograph jabbered on.

"But I want to tell you about what fun it is to be a Girl Scout. There are Ten Fields—I don't mean the kind with grass growing in them, it really means ten kinds of things to do. I want to do them all. Of course I can't, all at once, but there's plenty of time—and pollywogs don't turn into frogs overnight, as Miss Roberts always says."

The beloved leader of Red Rose Troop gave a slight gulp and tightened her grip on Jane's arm. The record went inexorably on. "But I know a good deal about Health-and-safety, and I have a perfectly huge collection

of nature—they just look like twigs and things, but that's the interesting part, to recognize them without any leaves—and every Sunday evening I get the whole supper and my fam'ly can always eat it, and I've been to the power house and the fire station and courthouse. Of course you've heard about the Laws and Promise, and if you really live up to them you are a Person Worth Being, but nobody ever can, quite—only if you keep on trying it certainly does help. And then there's Camp, which is best of all, and I made a whole hearth stool out of cedar logs and learned to swim under the water and which is which of the stars. A lot of you must have girls, I should think, and they'd all love Camp, because nobody could help it who was in their senses. Then there are some more things that are Very Important. First—oh, dear me, the recording people are making signs that the record is going to end in a minute, and I haven't said half of how much I like being a Girl Scout. Well, anyway, this was a message about Girl Scouting—*Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting*"

Most unfortunately, the needle had suddenly stuck in the imperfectly cleaned groove, as is sometimes the way of nonprofessional recordings. "*Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting*" repeated the patient machine, in the accents of Bobo Witherspoon. Fascinated, the audience listened. Bobo's set lips quivered slightly. She cast a despairing glance at the hiccuping phonograph, uncertain what to do.

"*Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting*" reiterated the relentless record.

Jane Burke dashed away from Miss Roberts's restraining hand, seized the machine and bore it bodily offstage. The needle slid with a moan into the next groove and stuck again. "*Bobo—by Bobo—by Bobo—by Bobo—by Bobo—*" announced the retreating voice. And then the applause broke out, loud and long.

Bobo, her face scarlet and her eyes filled with tears of disappointment and mortification, was attempting to rush after the perfidious instrument, but the Commissioner caught her by the tail of her green uniform.

"We want to thank you," she cried. "Listen to them clap!"

Bobo caught comforting words here and there. "Originality—perfectly delightful—so sincere—we'll never forget that it was about 'Girl Scouting, Girl Scouting'—more convincing than anything else we heard."

The ladies crowded around her, laughing. "Now tell us all the things you hadn't time for on the record," they urged.

"But I promised not to open my mouth," Bobo said earnestly.

"That was during the entertainment," smiled Mrs. Parkinson. "This is tea time."

"Tell us more," begged the ladies. "Have a cake, Bobo." "Have another cake."

Bobo, trying not to talk with her mouth full, launched forth on a blissful saga in praise of Girl Scouting. Jane Burke, heavily laden with plates, passed by and hissed at her, "Get busy and hand the food. As if you hadn't spilled the beans enough, already!"

"There aren't any beans," said Bobo. "These are just crumbs. The ladies are asking me more about Scouting. It's—it's a Signal Honor."

Jane, stricken speechless herself, retreated to the kitchen, where she discovered Miss Roberts. The admired leader of Red Rose Troop, weak with laughter, was doubled over the portable phonograph. Its volume reduced, it was determinedly whispering in the unmistakable tones of Bobo Witherspoon, "*Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting—Gir'Scouting*."

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